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IS DOING GOOD WORK

The United States Forestry Bureau Worthy of High Praise.

How It Is Directed by Gifford Pinchot—Large Territory Under Government Control—Bad Laws to Be Repealed.

Fifty-three national forest reserves, with the enormous area of 62,354,965 acres, represent the remarkable progress of the new science of conserving one of the greatest elements of our national wealth. The directing force behind this great development of the country's economic life rests chiefly in a young man who, five years ago, at the age of 33, became forester of the United States, and at this rate, if Gifford Pinchot is permitted to devote himself a few years longer to the work he has in hand, its universally beneficent influence can scarcely be lost for the next thousand years.

Mr. Pinchot was deliberately educated for the career in which he is now engaged. A native of Connecticut, he was graduated from Yale in 1889, and then studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. He began his first systematic forest work in Biltmore, N. C., in January, 1892, on the estate of George W. Vanderbilt. He also served as a member of the national forest commission which drew the boundaries of the Cleveland forest reserves. He has been a large contributor to the literature of the subject which supplies his lifework, and has done much in this way to bring it home to the popular comprehension. He became forester under the department of agriculture on July 1, 1898, and has gradually perfected the organization of a superb working force of young men which now covers the entire country. In the south and the Adirondack region of New York his plans for scientific lumbering and reforestation have been generally accepted by those engaged in the industry.

It is in the great mountain regions of the west, however, that Mr. Pinchot finds his widest and most important field. There the relation of the forest to the economic life of the entire community is much deeper and more far-reaching than anywhere else. The preservation of the forest is not merely a question of a continued supply of timber in its raw and manufactured forms, but it is also a question of conserving the water supply, upon which agriculture and mining are directly, and all other kinds of business indirectly, dependent.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.
(In Charge of United States Bureau of Forestry.)

The New York Tribune thinks there is inspiration in the work to which Gifford Pinchot has set his hand. He is not only aiming to establish a forestry system under which existing timber belts shall yield their product forever in regular crops, but to make trees spring into life where they have been wantonly destroyed and even where they have never grown within the memory of living man.

A bill now pending in congress and favorably reported in the house provides for the transfer of these reserves to Mr. Pinchot's bureau of forestry, in which is to be consolidated all the forestry work of the government, now divided among several bureaus.

But the government, looking to its present welfare, as well as to future generations, will have to go further even than this. The present practice, under the timber and stone law, of selling at $2.50 an acre timber lands which are worth in many instances $50 and even $100 an acre is likely to give way to the placing of all the public timber in the reserves, to be forever owned by the government, the government forester to sell the timber thereon, but under regulations which will insure the perpetuation of the forests and prevent the denudation of vast areas and preserve water supplies. By selling government timber at its real market value the government would obtain $1,000,000 where it now receives $1,000, under the operation of the timber and stone law. To this end a modification of the desert land act and the enactment of a new timber and stone act, whereby the government will be authorized to sell timber at its actual value, are to be attempted in a bill introduced by Senator Hansbrough.

The official statement of the commissioner of the general land office that the government has lost in actual cash between $100,000,000 and $115,000,000 through the operation of the timber and stone act will doubtless be a powerful argument in favor of the enactment of the new law.

Kissing Unknown in Japan.

The Japanese do not know how to kiss. If a Japanese girls learns how to kiss it shows the work of a foreign instructor. She does it as an accomplishment, not as an enjoyment.

THE NEGRO MUST WORK.

(From the Arkansas Appreciator.)

Rev. Rev. Wm. M. Brown, Bishop of the Episcopal church while discussing the Negro question the other day in Boston, Mass., pours out his indignation and wrath upon the Negro in the following language:

"Disfranchise him.
Give him Jim crow cars.
Let him rise solely by his own exertions
Stop all schools, negro industrial schools, and colleges.
Encourage him in evey way to make work rather than education his watchword."

Bishop Brown is one who proclaims to be sent from God to preach his gospel to all creatures, and holds the highest positions within the gift of the people of his denomination, and yet his heart is black as midnight with inhuman prejudice, which is no wise in keeping with the holy writ. We presume, however, that the Bishop has a Bible of his own make, hence, he feels at liberty to pursue such a course. We We cannot believe that God had anything to do with commissioning such an inhuman character to go before the people in his name, hence, he is simply forging his way.

GAVE THE NICKNAME.

George A. Meyers First Called Mr. Hanna "Uncle Mark" and Expression Stuck.

[From the Cleveland, O., Plaindealer.]

"My acquaintance with the late senator Hanna covered a period of 25 years," said George A. Meyers, owner of the Hollenden barber shop yesterday. "I first shaved him in the old Weddell house barber shop but of recent years since I have been at The Hol enden, I have scarcely had him in my chair.

"When I was a member of both Republican state committees having Senator Hanna's campaign in charge, and of the McKinley committee of 1900, I got to know the senator very intimately. While at the St. Louis convention my reference to him as "Uncle Mark" was taken up by politicians and newspaper men and in a short time he was known the country over by the name.

"It always pleased me to have Senator Hanna occupy my chair for it gave me an opportunity to tell him what I had accomplished in the campaign and to receive further instructions from him. Sometimes he would talk politics and again he would lie still with his eyes closed apparently resting. He was a stickler for close shaving and I did my best when the senator was in the chair.

"At the state and national conventions, which he attended during the past ten years, I also attended in the double capacity as delegate and barber to Senator Hanna. I took my own razor along with me and shaved him in his room.

ART AND ARTISTS.

A bronze bust of the late George William Curtis, by J. Q. A. Ward, has been given a place in the New York public library.

According to a report cabled the Mail and Express the French jury for the St. Louis exposition is having a troublesome time, as 2,700 works have already been sent in from which must be selected the specified 600.

Baltimore is distinctly looking up in the art world. Not only has she a flourishing art club and a municipal art society, which hold annual exhibitions of some note, but as a side issue there has recently been brought together an exhibition in one of the dealers' galleries in which, it is said, no less than 70 Baltimore artists are represented.

Some public-spirited citizens of Cleveland are urging that something be done to preserve the monument which stands in that city to the memory of Commodore Perry. It is of Carrara marble, which does not agree with the climate of northern Ohio, and unless steps shall be taken for its speedy reproduction in bronze Wolcott's creation may be lost forever. An architect examined the statue closely not long ago and found that from top to bottom it was in bad condition.

Japanese Dwelling Houses.

A Japanese house is generally all on one floor. The number of rooms in it depend on the number of bedrooms the owner requires. They are divided for the night by paper shutters, fixed in grooves, like the divisions of an old-fashioned workbox. There are no doors or passages.

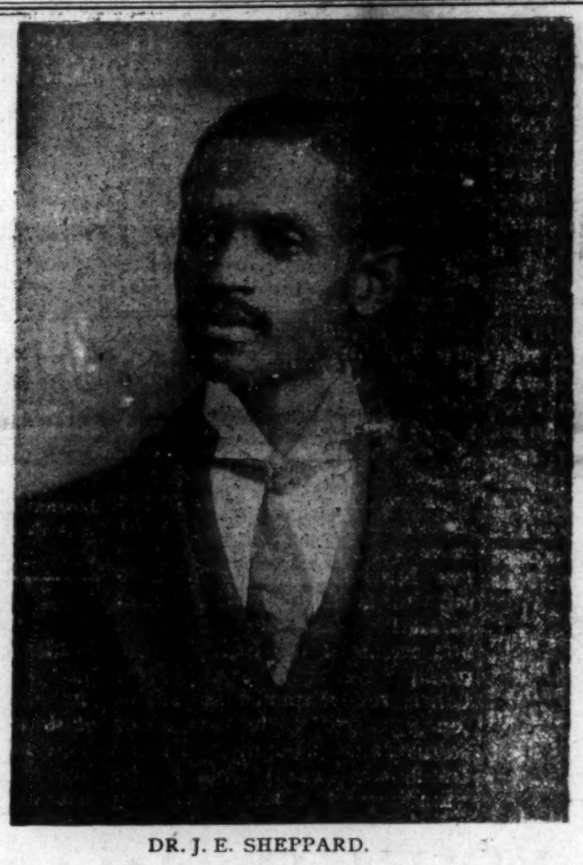
Billiard Table of Glass.

In a billiard-room in Paris is a billiard table made of glass. It is much more difficult to make a shot upon it than upon the ordinary baize-covered table.

DR. JAMES E. SHEPPARD.

North Carolina's Progressive Citizen. A Young Man Of Push. Held Many Positions and is the Staunch Friend of Judge Pritchard.

Dr. Jas. E. Sheppard is always a welcome visitor in this city. When he was in this city several years ago, he was Comparer of Deeds under Ex—Recorder H. P. Cheatham, who made a competant and popular official. He was deputy collector of Internal Revenue for five years in which position he is said to have done all the work. Dr. heppard is a man of education and thourghly familiar with the affairs of the government. He is now engaged in Sunday School work, having been elected to take the field Secretaryship of Peace International S. S. Association. He is the Treasure of the Carolina Mutual Life, Insurance Co, and is also connected with several other business enterprises. In the enterprises in which he is engaged he is making a success. Dr. Sheppard is a loyal and staunch supporter of Judge Pritchard and has always been his admirer. He has advocated a cordial relationship between the races. He has always been conservative in his views, yet never afraid to advocate the cause of his race. He is an easy speaker and a logical reasoner. There is one thing about Dr. Sheppard which is very commendable. He is honest and by his honesty he has won the respect and confidence of the best and leading citizens, not only in his state, but, wherever he goes. He travels very extensively and he is known far and wide. The outlook is, that this young man will be nominated for Congress by his constituents. He is admired by all clases irrespective of color or condition, politics or religous creed. Dr. Sheppard was in town this week and was highly entertained by his friends and admirers.



DR. J. E. SHEPPARD.

THEY WEAR THE TOGA.

Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, finds his chief recreation in duplicate whist.

William P. Frye, of Maine, boasts of being the only great-grandfather in the United States senate, a girl baby having arrived at the home of his grandson, William Frye White, in Washington.

The senate committee on interstate commerce, over which Senator Elkins presides, is almost made up of ex-governors. Mr. Cullom, of Illinois; Mr. Kean, of New Jersey; Mr. Foraker, of Ohio; Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina; Mr. McLaurin, of Mississippi, and Mr. Foster, of Louisiana, have all served one or more terms as governor of the states which they now represent in the senate.

United States Senator Joseph V. Quarles is no longer a member of the Milwaukee law firm of Quarles, Spence & Quarles. He found that his duties as senator kept him so busy that he was unable to give proper attention to the firm's business and so he drew out. He has been senior partner ever since 1886, when the firm was organized. The senator's brother and two sons are still in the partnership.

Senator Perkins says he knows why nature located gold mines in Butte, Mont., instead of coal deposits. He was there not long ago and was charged 75 cents for a shave and a shine. In the washroom attached to the barber shop he wanted the use of a comb for a few moments, and this cost him another quarter. He rinsed his hands after arranging his hair and wiped them on a towel near at hand and once more gave up 25 cents. "And then it dawned on me why gold instead of coal mines were to be found in that robbers' roost."

THE COMING ELECTION.

How the District will be Divided.

The District of Columbia will be divided into 22 districts as follows;

First District.—All that part of the county of Washington outside the limits of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, lying east of Lincoln ave. and Bunker Hill road.

Second District.—All that part of the county of Washington outside the cities of Washington and Georgetown, lying west of Lincoln ave. and Bunker Hill road.

Third District.—All that part of the city of Georgetown lying west of High Street.

Fouth District.—All that part of the city of Georgetown lying east of High Street.

Fifth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying west of twenty-first street west.

Sixth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of K ssreet north, between 15th street west and twenty-first street west.

Seventh District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between K street north and N street north, and fifteenth street west and twenty-first street west, and north of N between fourteenth street west and twenty-first street west.

Eighth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying nort of N street north, between seventh street west and fourteenth street west.

Ninth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between G street north and N street north, and bstween eleventh street west and fifteenth street west.

Tenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington between G street north and the canal, and between eleventh and fifteenth streets west.

Eleventh District.—All that part of the city of Washington south of canal and east of eigth street west.

Twelth District.—All that part of the city of Washingtou lying betwteen seventh street west and eleventh street west, and between G street north and the canal.

Thirteenth Dirtrict.—All that par of the city of Washington lying between seventh street west and 11th street west, and betwecn G street north and N street north.

Fourteenth District.—All that part of the city of Wcshington lying north of K street north, between North Capital street and seventh street west.

Fifteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between D street north and K street north, and between North Capitol street and 7th street west.

Sixteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washiugton lying between North and South Capitol sts and seventh street west, and between D street north and the canal.

Seventeenth District.—All that part of the city of Wash. lying between G street south and the canal, and betweenSouth Capital street and eighth west.

Eighteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of G street north, between South Capitol street and eighth street west.

Nineteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying north of E street north, between North Capitol street and fifteenth street east.

Twentieth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of E street north, betwecn North and South Capitol streets end fourth street east.

Twenty-first District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying east of fourth street east, and between E st north and E street south.

Twenty-second District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of E street south and east of fourth street south.

ITEMS ONTHE WING.

The colored press shapes and molds public sentiment in the Negro's behalf.

The colored voters of Pennsylvania have organized an Independent Voting Protective and Beneficial Association. Motto—"For Race and Right."

There are 5,000,000 day laborers in the United States.

The first steam warship was the Fulton, built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1875.

Because of color discrimination on Pullman sleeping cars, Bishop B. W. Arnett was forced to pay $87.50 for the whole sleeping car from Cincinnati to Mobile recently.

The State of Mississippi has grown to be one of the worst in the South for the Negro after Vardaman's address. Soon after, a Negro and his wife were burned at the stake at Dodsville, for suspected murder of a white man.

At Perth Amboy, N. J., Thomas Peterson, the first Negro to vote in the United States under the provision of the 15th Amendment to the Constitution, died last month.

There is one theatre in Colorado owned and operated by Negroes. The trade of the theatre is allmost white

To-day women are admitted to the bar on equal terms with men in 34 states in the Union, (Good for the women.)

John and Seloy Neely of Mississippi, cotton experts, sailed from Sierra Leone, West Africa, under the auspices of the British Cotton Growers' Association. They were accompanied by three negroes from the Cotton Belt. They will conduct experiments.

The last report of the Census Bureau shows 746,617 Afro-American farmers in the United States who operates 38,233,933 acres, valued at $499,943,734.

The Shah of Persia has retained 60 wives out of 1,100. The rest he sent home.

Takutsk, Russia, is the coldest place in the World. 73° below zero.

Mr. Isaac Brock, born in Buncombe Co., N. C., March 1, 1788, present age is 115 years.

One of the biggest buildings in the World will be built in New York City. It will have five stories under ground and forty above, with a tower on top sixty feet in height. The total height will be 615 feet above ground.

PULPIT AND PEW.

Reformers in Jamaica are endeavoring to better ethical conditions. Sixty-four per cent. of the children born on the island last year were illegitimate.

Australia has more churches per capita than any other country. She has 210 churches to every 100,000 people; England has 144, and Russia but 55.

Rev. Frank Novak, a Catholic priest of Pittsburg, has deserted the Church of Rome, and was on a recent Sunday ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian church. He will have charge of the Slavonic church at Presston, a village just below McKee's Rocks.

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, the famous New York divine, has no patience with the idea that the world is getting worse. "It is getting better all the time," says the cheerful old optimist. "If it were not so, it would mean that God had given over the world to evil, and it would hardly have been worth while for Him to have made it."

Rev. Frederick C. Smieleau, pastor of an Episcopal church in Carlisle, Pa., was married a few days ago to Miss Grace Parkinson, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Talbot. The bride and groom are both deaf and dumb. Mr. Smieleau is prominent on account of his remarkable work as a missionary to the 400 deaf and dumb communicants of the church who reside throughout the state, to whom he preaches in the sign language.

Rev. D. C. White recently became pastor of a church near Donegal, Pa., from which his predecessor resigned, his patience worn out by hoodlums who persisted in disturbing his services. Mr White began a series of revival meetings, but the hoodlums made it impossible for him to continue. Then he borrowed a law book and bought a revolver. At the opening of his next meeting he laid the book and gun side by side on the pulpit, read the statute covering disturbances in church, and quietly informed his hearers that he expected them to keep quiet. The rowdies respected the 44-calibe rrevolver, and Mr. White has had no more trouble. But he carefully unlimbers his artillery every time before opening up the opening prayer.

Desertions from the Army.

During the official year the army lost 7 per cent. of its enlisted men by desertion, or enough to make six full regiments. Half as many more were dishonorably discharged.

SPOONER'S FAT FEE.

How Wisconsin Senator Made Three Quarters of a Million.

He Liked Baseball and That Is Why He Is a Very Rich Man Now—A Good Story Even If Overdrawn.

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, is devoted to baseball, but there are few men who have turned a single ball game to account to the tune of $750,000. But that's what he did once, according to the Chicago Journal. As he tells it, he was sitting on a fence, in the little New England town where he spends his summers, watching a game, when fortune came to him in the disguise of a shabby man with a hard-luck story. Ordinarily the senator would not have had time to listen to the hard-luck plea, but as he could watch the game and listen simultaneously; he told the man to fire away.

The stranger said he was passing through town and wanted to interest the senator, in his capacity of lawyer, in the case of his sister, who was living in abject poverty in Boston with several children dependent on her and no means for support. He went on to explain that his sister had married a barkeeper of that city, and that her husband had been very successful and had finally become interested in a number of hotels and that he was a millionaire. With his change of fortunes he had taken to dissipation, and finally had abandoned his family and was living with another woman who claimed to be his wife.

Senator Spooner listened, but confesses he was not much impressed with the story. The stranger said neither he nor his sister had any money to pay a lawyer, but that they were anxious to have Senator Spooner look after the case, and urged that he take it on a contingent fee, which would be half of what he could get for the abandoned wife. The senator remarked that he would see about it, and took the address of the woman in Boston, who was said to be deserted, and thought little more about it.

It chanced, however, that Senator Spooner was in Boston a short time after this, and, discovering that there was to be a good ball game in the afternoon, decided to stay over until the day following. This resulted in his having the early part of the afternoon on his hands, and, remembering the address and the hard luck story, he decided to satisfy his curiosity by a visit to the woman. He found her, in the greatest poverty as described, and saw evidences to confirm the allegations of the stranger.

HON. JOHN C. SPOONER.
(Senatorial Baseball Crank Who Made His Fad Pay Well.)

On his way home he stopped in Chicago and enlisted the services of a lawyer friend there to look up the husband, whom he now heard had recently died. In his interview with the wife she assured him that all she wanted was a bare living, enough to keep off want from herself and children. In a day or two he had a telegram from the Chicago attorney saying to come at once, that all the statements made were true, and that a settlement ought to be attempted at once.

A trip was made to Boston. Wife No. 2, who had inherited the fortune, learned with amazement of the existence of a previous wife and her lawyers were equally astonished. But evidence was plentiful and a brief investigation led to a settlement, by which the $3,000,000 estate—for that is what it scheduled—was equally divided.

And Senator Spooner took as his fee $750,000.

Hunted Servant; Got Wife.

Herman Steiner owns a big farm near Florence, Neb., and another just out of Des Moines, Ia. His first wife died leaving him with a family of little children. He went to Omaha, Neb., hunting for a servant. Mrs. Fred Kretchener, formerly of Indianapolis, was at the agency hunting for work. For an hour they sat and talked. Several ideas had come to them in the meantime. They left the employment bureau together. A friend later received a letter from Steiner saying that he concluded Mrs. Kretchener was too good for a servant, and that he needed a wife more than a maid, anyway. So he married her. Steiner is worth $50,000.

The Say

Negro democrats know how to lie after they have had a change of heart.

They are democrats for revenue only.

Will it be possible for the Negroes to unite.

Colored orators on Washington's birthday must speak to suit the school authorities.

They know the persons to select

They are good men, however, but they never express their convictions.

If there were no opposition or gans to the theory of the Wizard, there would be nothing for the subsidised press to say.

How many paid agents are there for Tuskegee?

Major Dick is the coming man in Ohio.

Editor Fortune can speak if he makes up his mind.

He struck from the shoulder last week.

Recorder J. C. Dancy should not believe all he hears.

Judge Pritchard was complimented for his fairness in the Post office conspiracy case.

It is no crime to change your mind if you desire to do so.

It is best to speak the truth always.

There are democrats in this country who believe in Bryan.

Who will bet on the next presidential election?

Let us live in hope for better days.

The Bee is the peoples' paper and asimon pure American citizen. No color about it.

It is a Record of events and it does not deal in dark ages.

If you do not think as other people think you must necessarily be a democrat.

True friendship is always found in those who are honest.

From nothing, nothing comes. How can you expect to get any thing from a Negro democrat?

Be honest and then you will succeed.

Think kindly of those who speak well of you, and watch those who flatter you.

How much have the depositors realised from the suits against the Capital Savings Bank.

Some people do acts for which they are sorry.

It [illegible] ly before you act.

Strange that the complainants in Capital Savings Bank did not know that.

Do you wish a defender of your rights? Read The Bee.

If Prof. Washington attempts to feed all the papers which defend him, it will break up Tuskegee.

Every so-called big Negro who writes an article in the interest of Tuskegee gets an invitation to spend the summer.

Strange that Cooper has not been invited.

How many papers are there edited in the interest of Tuskegee?

The Pen and Pencil club is a great institution.

Why can't colored men unite on questions which are to their interest

Will the Negro ever be able to unite in politics?

They would succeed better if they would unite.

The Suffrage convention will meet in Chicago.

Some people don't know their friends.

All should be charitable at any rate.

The District delegates will be elected in April.

NERVE AND REVOLVER.

This Indiana Woman Had Both and Was Not Daunted by the Bluff of a Tramp.

At a crossroads in Gravel Creek, some eight miles south of Nashville, Ind., is a country store kept by Alexander Shipley. One evening last week Mr. Shipley was absent, leaving his wife in charge. Two young men of the neighborhood were seated near the stove and Mrs. Shipley was arranging some glassware behind the counter, when a rough-looking stranger, carrying a cane, entered the door, and, approaching Mrs. Shipley, begged for a bite to eat, saying he had been in the woods all day and was hungry. Mrs. Shipley complied with his request and while he was eating she continued her work with the glassware.

ALONE WITH THE TRAMP.

Suddenly the stranger whipped out an ugly-looking revolver, and, pointing the weapon at Mrs. Shipley, remarked: "Give me the money in the till." Upon hearing this the two young men ran out, leaving the woman alone with the tramp. Mrs. Shipley answered the would-be robber: "All right," and walked toward the money till, the tramp following several steps behind. She reached in as if for the money, but her hand reappeared grasping a revolver, with which she began shooting at the tramp. He was so surprised that he dropped his revolver and ran out of the door, Mrs. Shipley continuing to shoot in his direction as long as her revolver would respond, but failing to send a bullet home.

After placing her own weapon in the till she picked up the revolver dropped by the tramp, only to find every chamber empty. Then she went back to her work as if nothing had happened.

It was some little time before the farmers gathered and offered to pursue the tramp, but Mrs. Shipley said he would long remember his escape from her, and that there was no danger of a return by him. Her husband, upon being made acquainted with the circumstances, reported that he met a stranger several miles distant as he was returning home, still walking rapidly.

CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

Tried with Good Results on a Dissipated Young Fellow by a Pittsburg Magistrate.

Magistrate Joseph H. Vichestain, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, is a wise man, who would have had Solomon eclipsed 40 ways had the late deceased been so fortunate as to have been a resident of Pittsburg. Magistrate Vichestain has been grievously troubled for the past year by a young man of good family who persisted in clinging to the cup that cheers until the patrol wagon and a cell became a part of his weekly routine. Magistrate Joe tried every means at his command to save the youth, but his efforts were fruitless.

About five weeks ago Vichestain was in the South Side station when his intoxicated friend was carried in in his usual condition. The magistrate was disgusted, and at the same time sorrowful. A few minutes later a raving maniac was brought in between two burly policemen and was placed in a padded cell. This gave Joe an idea. He had his inebriated friend placed in the same apartment with the maniac, and then had both watched closely. The crazy one startled the sleeping drunk with the assertion that he was Croesus and that, in view of their friendship, he would convert him into J. Pierpont Morgan and would present him with $400,000,000.

AT THE LUNATIC'S MERCY.

Whiskey $1.10 Per Gallon

We claim to be the *LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE*. We really sell whiskey as low as 1.10 per gallon, and mind you; distilled Whiskey—not a decoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.

"*CASPER'S STANDARD*" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnance wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at $5 to $6 per gallon, but it is not any better than *Pe ev ARD* It is the best produced and must pleas ery customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an authorized capital of $100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C., will tell you our guarantee is good. This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fully introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts $2.95, 10 Quarts $5.00, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.,) as well as requests for confidential price list *must be addressed as follows*:

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?

Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.

Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?

Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.

"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people lights have more to do with it."—[illegible] Free Press.

FISH STORY WITH SEVERAL THRILLS

It Tells of an Eagle That Was Drowned, a Salmon That Was Boiled and a Liar Who Has No Equal.

REFILLING his pipe, the old trapper said to a New York Herald reporter: "You know, boy, I allus' carry thet old gun o' mine, whever I goes. As I wuz a sayin', I wuz out fishin' fer bass, when lookin' up into the sky—I allus keeps an eye out fer squalls—I sees a bald headed eagle swoopin' down right fer me. Seizin' Old Ben, I aimed straight fer the critter's heart! Bang! went the old gun! An' thet air eagle wuz hit! Down inter the water he flopped. I wuz jist about ter pull over ter git him, when one of the fish lines I had overboard commenced to run out. I tuk hold on it an' tried to pull in. But nary an inch could I budge it. 'It's a salmon,' says I. And makin' the line fast to an eye belt forrad I settled down fer a good smoke.

"I know salmon! An' the only way is to let them pull an' tug till they gits tired; then you kin yank them in.

THINGS WERE GETTING WARM.

Suddenly the boat began to move; thet air salmon wuz a pullin' the boat; jest at that air moment, I heerd a noise behind me; I looked an' there wuz that eagle a risin' outen the water; my hair stood on end, fer a wounded bald eagle is wuss than a grizzly.

"I grabs 'Old Ben' agin, but jist as I wuz about to take aim, the doggoned boat took a suddent plunge ahead, and flat I fell inter the bottom and overboard goes the old gun. I cud have cried, but there want any time, fer that eagle war a comin' fer me, lickety split.

"He war only usin' one wing; my shot hed bruk the other. Things wuz a gittin' highty warm; thet salmon wuz a pullin' me through the water like a locymotive.

"The sweat wuz a bubblin' on my forehead, fer thet eagle wuz only a few feet back! Closer and closer he came. I cud hear him breathin', cud hear the wind a whistlin' through his pin feathers. Boys, it war turrible! Somethin' must be did. I did it. I tore off my mocassions, my pants, my coat, all my clothes, throwin' each of them aforesaid articles at that voracious 'bald head,' hopin' to gain a little time. But, boys, we wuz goin' so fast thet the wind tore 'em out of my hand afore ye cud say 'Jack Robinson.'

"To the 'pelt' stood I, jist as nater made me. The wind chilled me to the marrow, and I soon begin to feel numby all over.

"By the Great Horn Tout! I war freezin' to death! What should I do? Jump overboard; No! That eagle would git me! Stay where I was! No, I'd freeze to death. Suddenly the eagle tuk a spurt and got its nose over the starn! I makes a quick lep an' grabs it by the neck, but my toes got caught under the starn seat and held me fast. Thar I wuz, stripped naked, with all my body over the back of the boat a-holdin' on to thet eagle.

"He wuz a-flyin', the boat wuz a-flyin', and I wuz half flyin', half floatin' and darned near hull frum! I cudn't git one or tother. Soon I hear the roar of the falls. I felt my time had come, fer that salmon wuz makin' dead fer 'em! We would all drown tergither! Nearer an' nearer sounded the roar! I could see the eddies and rapids as we rushed through them! I expected every moment to be dashed agin a rock! When suddenly thet air boat began to jump upward! And the bird and I fell down'ards. I felt me ankles crack, but me trusty toes held on.

"The eagle's body was under the water thet came pourin' down on us, exceptin' his mouth, which was open, gaspin' fer breath! Higher and higher we went, till suddently we war in smooth water again, still a goin' at top speed.

"Boys, thet air salmon hed clim them air falls.

"My body stood out over the end of thet boat as stiff as a flagpole. Wuz I to die this way? Suddenly I begins to feel warmer! I thought sure I war freezin' fer good, 'cause you allus feel warmer when you're about to friz. It kept gittin' hotter and hotter! Sez I, 'I'm dead an' nearin' t'other place.' The heat limbered me up. I pulled myself back into the boat, still holdin' on to thet eagle. I expected him to make a fight, but nary fight—he war dead. Its mouth bein' open as we wuz towed up them falls it got drowned.

"Suddenly somethin' red hot landed on my back. The water was a hissin' an' a b'ilin all around me. I knew then I wuz dead and in torment. I looked 'round 'spectin' to see some old friends, and what do you think? I wa'n't in hell 'tall! It war jist a forest fire, but, boys, it saved my carcass, fer just at this time the boat hed stopped a movin'.

"I pulled in the line, an' there wuz a salmon, seven feet three and a half inches long, dead as a door nail! The water had got so hot frum the fire, and he goin' so fast thet before he could turn 'round and git back he had b'iled to a turn.

"My pipe's out—gimme a match!"

WOMEN FIGHT A BEAR.

Vicious Animal Is Killed After Hand-to-Hand Encounter Lasting Several Minutes.

Three Christine (Cal.) women, Mrs. E. H. Irish, and Misses Willie Moore and Minnie Boyd, had a hard fight with a bear the other afternoon, and came out proudly victorious.

The bear, the largest of his kind probably ever killed in Mendocino county, had been making inroads on the flocks in the vicinity of Christine, and a trap had been set for him. The ladies in question were out for a stroll, Mrs. Irish being armed with a 32-caliber Winchester. They found the animal had been trapped. In his rage he had eaten through a side of the trap, and his head and shoulders were free of the cage. Fearing that he would escape, Mrs. Irish took aim and fired. The charge only infuriated the beast, however, and matters began to look serious for the ladies. There were no men near at hand, so it fell upon them to protect themselves. One of the ladies blocked

MRS. IRISH TOOK AIM.

the side of the trap that the bear had torn down. Two of them engaged the attention of Bruin at the strong side of the cage, while Mrs. Irish fired the fifth bullet. This lodged in the animal's heart. Mrs. Irish retains the skin as a memento.

Starvation Wages in Spain.

Farm laborers in Spain get $1.50 a week. Women employed in vineyards get 15 cents for ten hours' work.

GHOST REVEALS CASH.

Portion of New Jersey Miser's Hoard Discovered by Aid of a Supernatural Visitor.

When William Berlin, an eccentric old miser, residing at Little Silver, N. J., died a few years ago a search was made for the money he was known to possess, but not a penny could be found.

William Wainwright, however, could not give up the hope of finding the money

FOUND $187 IN BILLS.

and obtained permission from Joseph V. Holmes, owner of the house, to tear it down. Every stick of timber was carefully examined as it was razed. No money was found, but Wainwright felt sure it was somewhere about the place.

He says that a few nights ago he had a dream, in which the ghost of Berlin led him to the ruins of the old house and pointed out to him under the chimney a tin spectacle case.

When Wainwright awoke in the morning his dream was still vivid, and he dressed in a hurry, went to the spot and found the spectacle case in the place pointed out by the miser's ghost. He opened it and $187 in bills fell out. Wainwright is not yet satisfied and believes he will have more dreams.

Champion Eight-Year-Old.

A German medical paper reports that at a school inspection in Brandenburg an eight-year-old boy was presented who weighs 126 pounds and stands five feet three and one-half inches. The young prodigy is physically and mentally well developed.

PROFANEST OF PARROTS.

Widow of Old Sailor Says It Would Seem Like Home Again to Have the Bird Around.

"Tootsie," the profane parrot of Philadelphia, Pa., must go. He threatens to ruin the characters of two of his green and yellow brothers whose morals have hitherto been above suspicion.

"Tootsie" is to be sold. He belongs to Richard M. Mills, of Huntington street, who advertises his "only reason for selling is that the bird swears in his vocabulary."

"Tootsie" came into Mr. Mills' possession under a guarantee that he did not swear. Within 24 hours he had broken the guarantee and one of the com-

"TWOULD SEEM LIKE HOME."

mandments, besides shocking two other parrots belonging to the Mills family, neither of whom had ever said anything more wicked than "Polly wants a cracker."

"Tootsie's" evil ways are due to his early environment. Before he came to the Mills mansion he had lived in a cafe, whose habitues had found him to be an excellent substitute for a phonograph in the matter of reproducing profanity. His memory was unimpaired when he became a member of the Mills household.

"Tootsie" refused to be reformed. When the little Mills threw water on him for swearing he swore at them for doing it. On New Year's day not an oath passed his beak and it was thought he had turned over a new leaf, but the next morning he returned to his old ways with increasing vigor.

"Tootsie's" companions at first only listened to him in amazement, but a few days ago one of them marred a spotless record by exclaiming, "Darn it!" That settled "Tootsie's" fate, and the advertisement appeared.

To-day's visitors included a widow, who explained that her late husband had been a seafaring man who was given to using questionable language. "It would seem like home again to have the dear bird around," she said.

"Tootsie's" vocabulary contains such gems as, "Go to blazes and shut the door," "Come up and have a drink, every dashed one of you," and "Blast your eyes, you son of a sea cook." Other favorite expressions can be expressed only by dashes and asterisks.

WED IN DRUG STORE.

Proprietor Balks When Asked to Perform the Ceremony, But Finds Justice for the Lovers.

Cupid has captured a drug store in Waukegan, Ill., and proposes to use it in contracting marriages vows.

For years the corner drug store has been used to meet all kinds of wants, but no one every heard of a man going in among the big and little bottles of many colors to have the apothecary prescibe the words that bind two hearts in one.

John Fry, leading Margaret Brownell, sought Proprietor Hallstein in his Wash-

JUDGE MURRY OFFICIATED.

ington street pharmacy recently. Fry broached the subject, bluntly saying that as the apothecary accommodated people in selling stamps, money orders, kept a public telephone and a directory, received lost articles, bound up bruised people, and rubbed pains with arnica, he did not know why he could not marry a man if he was asked to.

The good natured pillmaker assured the couple that the law did not empower him to perform a marriage ceremony, but the whole drug store was theirs, and if they would be seated for a moment he would send out for a justice. It required but a few moments to find Judge Murry and less time for that functionary to say the words that "bound" stronger than any bandage the druggist kept in stock.

Pearls in Mussel Shells.

Pearls are sometimes found in mussel-shells.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Freezing Boy Rescued from Ice Float by Bridge Workers.

Youth Floated Helplessly for Over Three Hours After Skiff Was Overturned—Pulled to Safety by Means of a Long Rope.

Albert Smith, 19 years old, after floating on a cake of ice in the Missouri river at St. Charles, Mo., for more than 3½ hours, was rescued by workmen on the Wabash bridge in a daring and spectacular manner, while a large crowd watched the thrilling scene.

The shouts of the youth and the signals from the commercial bridge above attracted the attention of the workmen on the railroad bridge, while his ice float was many yards away, and immediately the men lowered long ropes at points where it seemed likely that he would pass close enough to grab a life line.

Whether he would pass near enough to be saved was a question which whetted the keenest anxiety on the part of all spectators.

Slowly the cake of ice came under the bridge. He reached out for one of the dangling ropes and grasped it tightly, and thrust his arm through the noose.

At the first tug to lift him up he slipped from the cake of ice into the frigid water.

He was raised above the water, but fell back. Another plunge would have ended his life, but the bridge workmen were determined, and on the third effort the lad was freed from the flowing ice and then drawn slowly through the air to the bridge, while a great shout from all observers rent the air.

Then arose the question as to his having life in him. A party of men carried him to the station. He was revived, dry clothing provided and nourishment given him. He then told his story, saying that he lived with James Caten, at the city water works, and worked for a farmer in St. Louis county.

"Early this morning I started to work and tried to cross the river in a skiff," he said. "When I was about 100 yards from the spot where I intended to land, a great cake of ice struck the skiff and overturned it. I kept myself above the water and finally managed to climb on

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.
(Diagram Shows How Youth Was Rescued from Floating Ice.)

top of the cake which had proved my undoing.

"I was almost frozen, and the ice on my clothes, which appeared soon after my plunge, cut me. I did not seem to be afraid much, though, for I had hopes of being pulled out of the river at the Highway bridge. I was almost certain of being rescued.

"As I approached it I grew a little anxious, and finally when I went floating under it, and saw no one, I gave up all hopes. I had then been on the ice for two hours, and was so weak I could hardly stand."

"When I came in sight of the Wabash bridge, and saw them making preparations to take me off my strange craft, I was so thankful I almost grew warm. I prayed with all my power that I might be saved, but thought I was gone until I found a rope hanging almost in front of me.

"When I had grabbed it and had gotten in the noose, I felt as safe as I do now. The long journey through the air, from the river to the bridge I remember little of, and am not sorry."

Smith was first seen by Superintendent Broughton, who was on the Highway bridge. Broughton signaled to Superintendent McPhearson on the Wabash bridge that there was a man in the water. McPhearson called his men off the work and ropes were brought and lowered. Eighteen lines were lowered when Smith reached the bridge, and others were coiled ready for use.

Frogs That Swallow Birds.

"Do you know that out in one of the states of the middle west one of my books was taken out of the schools because it contained a statement that a frog which I watched caught and swallowed a sparrow?" asks a writer in an exchange. "The probability of this was debated for an hour or more, and it was then decided that no frog could croke down a sparrow, and the book was withdrawn. They did not happen to know that frogs sometimes grow to a length of 16 inches. There is a man in the upper part of Connecticut who has a number of frogs as long as that,' he said, spreading his hands to indicate the length. "He often feeds them with mice and sparrows, and I have a photograph showing one of these frogs just about to take a bird in his mouth."

High-Toned Car Drivers.

Among 5,000 street car drivers in Vienna a recent census showed that there are 400 knights, about 50 barons and four counts.

CARED NOT FOR COLD.

Marriage of This Couple Proves That Cupid Is Not Affected by Boreas' Chilliest Blasts.

Weather seems to be the last thing that Cupid cares about. There always has been a slight prejudice in favor of June weather, but when it comes to the real question, any weather, any time, and any climate will do.

Young people went out sleighing and were half frozen, but not so much that they could not decide suddenly to stop at a justice of the peace and get married.

Other reports brought news of weddings in the tropics. Cupid is a hardened little man, physically. He seems to get along as well in the Aleutian islands as in southern Italy.

Carl L. Carlson, of New Britain, Conn., invited Miss Elizabeth McKeon to take a sleigh ride to Southington.

"Isn't sleighing jolly for two?" suggested the girl.

"Yes," said the boy, "I'd like to keep on sleighing forever with you."

He had been waiting an hour to say something of this kind, and that was

GOT A BAPTIST MINISTER.

his opportunity. Just then the horse stopped.

"Where are we?" inquired Miss McKeon.

"Why," exclaimed Carlson, pointing to a sign on the door of the house, "a justice of the peace lives here. Let's get married."

This particular horse seemed to have been particularly wise in his day and generation. They got out and pulled the door bell until the sleepy justice stuck his head out of the window.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"We want to get married," said Carlson.

"Have you got a license?" asked the justice.

Even the horse looked foolish as the young people realized that wedding demanded certain preliminary formalities.

"If you haven't, you had better get one," said the justice. Just before he slammed the window down again he told them where the clerk lived, and they hastened to wake him up. Then they got a Baptist minister out of bed and he married them.

NO ORDINANCE NEEDED.

Marshal with a Gun Was Better in This Town Than Any Number of Legal Regulations.

"I was in a Wyoming town when there came a fall of four feet of snow," said a traveler to a Boston Globe reporter, "and being told that there was no ordinances in regard to clearing the sidewalks, I was expressing my sentiments when the landlord of the hotel, who had set men to clearing a path to his door, turned to me with:

"'Don't be in a hurry stranger. Bill will be along by and by and make it all right.'

"I found that Bill was the city marshal, and a couple of hours after break-

"GOING TO CLEAR IT OFF!"

fast he came along with a double-barreled shotgun. He passed the hotel to say to the saloon keeper next door:

"'Jack, there's four feet of snow here.'

"'I see it.'

"'Going to clear it off?'

"'No.'

"'All right. I'll be back in about an hour, and if you haven't started it I'll begin to shoot it off.'

"The hint was sufficient and the saloon keeper was soon at work. There were several others who hung out, but were brought to time in the same way.

"In one instance the marshal had to begin shooting, but no sooner had the double charge plowed through the snow and smashed out a panel of the door than a man and a snow shovel began work and kept it up until a path was cleared.

"They don't need many town ordinances in the far west. A man and a shotgun can most always put things through."

MORE LOVE STORIES.

Married in Haste, Now Trying to Win Ma's Blessing.

Parental Forgiveness Is Sometimes Hard to Get After an Elopement—Told Mamma by Telephone—Long-Distance Courtship.

The parental blessing is an object much sought by certain victims of Cupid who have been beguiled into acting without maternal and paternal consent.

There are now crossing the Atlantic two persons who are sailing to France to obtain this last requisite to domestic happiness. They are Miss Clarissa McComb, of Larchmont, and Ferdinand Despecher, the New York and Paris banker.

Their marriage was a runaway match. It looks now as if more would be heard of it in a short time. The mother of the bridegroom threatened to disinherit him if he married against her wishes, and her wish was not that he should marry an American. She tried to prevent this particular wedding and so did the father.

The efforts of the parents were unsuccessful, and for that reason the bride and bridegroom are on their way to France to see if the parental forgiveness cannot be secured.

Despecher came to this country about six months ago with a delegation of French bankers who wanted to study the American financial methods. They returned some time ago. He had met Miss McComb at a summer party and told his friends that he wanted to stay here some time to finish up a few deals. One of the things he finished was his courtship.

He is a tall, handsome young man of fine education, and he won the consent of Miss McComb early in November. A short time later his mother and her father heard of the affair and became angry at their children for proposing to make such an alliance. Mrs. Despecher wrote threateningly to

STAKED HIM WITH $300.

her son, and Mr. McComb took the first boat that left Paris, where he had been on business.

Two young people of Brooklyn have been hunting for the same article of parental forgiveness, with prospects of having it extended to them. Sterling Tomes, aged 18 years, and Miss Laura Williams, aged 17, a school girl, ran away to be married without taking the trouble to find out what their parents thought about the matter.

Miss Williams left home ostensibly to go to dancing school. That was the last time that Mrs. Williams saw Miss Laura Williams. The next morning the mother was called to the telephone and was told the startling news that it was her daughter at the other end of the wire, but that she was no longer Miss Laura Williams. It was Mrs. Sterling Tomes.

The two had slipped away to New Jersey, where they had been married.

In Fairfield, Ia., another boy and girl couple ran away for a wedding that they feared they could not have at home. Roy Price, the son of a wealthy farmer near Libertyville, and Miss Ella Cleasby were the young people.

The son told his father that he intended to seek his fortune farther west, and the father generously provided him with $300 to use until he had started the said fortune on its way.

With this money the boy, who is only 18, carried out his matrimonial plans.

A romance that had its beginning in Philadelphia two years ago recently ended in Honolulu with the marriage of Dr. Ralph Gardiner Curtis and Miss Jane Mae Blair, both of whom are well known in that city. Miss Blair is the daughter of Henry W. Blair, a prominent business man of Syracuse.

Much against the will of her parents Miss Blair deserted society in Syracuse and New York and went on the stage. It was while a show girl in "Miss Bob White," playing at the Chestnut street theater, Philadelphia, that she met Dr. Curtis. He pressed his suit and was accepted.

A lovers' quarrel ensued and Dr. Curtis went to the Hawaiian islands, where he soon built up a lucrative practice. Miss Blair spent the last summer at Saratoga and Asbury Park, where she was a recognized belle, with many suitors for her hand.

Early in November, after a long silence, she received a letter from Dr. Curtis. It said:

"Let's forget our little quarrel. I love you more than ever. Won't you come and be my wife?"

A few letters passed between them, and then Miss Blair left New York alone and sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu.

TOOK HER REVENGE.

How a Paris Woman Who Was Evicted Got Even with the Officers Who Dispossessed Her.

When woman makes up her mind to be revenged she is not often cheated out of it, as was shown by a neat trick played on the Parisian police by a daring French woman not long ago. She would not pay her rent, but, being of a violent disposition, it was not an easy matter to get rid of her. So when the bailiff called he was careful to take a police commissary with him. The woman, however, was wreathed in smiles when she opened the door to the two officials, and she assisted them with the utmost amiability in drawing up an in-

"YOU ARE MY PRISONERS."

ventory of her furniture, with the view of an eventual sale at public auction. When the business was completed she conducted the bailiff and the police officer to the front door, but the latter was locked.

"Gentlemen," the woman remarked, with a smile, "you are my prisoners. You have been so courteous and considerate that I should be loath to lose your company. Therefore, I have locked the front door and thrown the key out of the window. This flat is on the fourth floor. The door is an exceptionally strong one, and your joint efforts would be powerless to force it open. The next door flat and that on the floor beneath are both unoccupied. Consequently, it would be idle to expect assistance from anyone in the house. The only thing for you to do is to holloa out of the window down into the street, and make yourselves a laughing stock."

The woman then sat down complacently and waited. The bailiff and the police officer, convinced that she had a key of the front door in her possession, reasoned with her for a long time, but in vain. Some four hours of captivity elapsed before they could make up their minds to shout and gesticulate at the window. When they did so a crowd rapidly collected in the street. Every one thought a crime had been committed. People who knew were already relating with circumstantial detail how an elderly woman had been murdered in the fourth floor flat. Policemen arrived and, striding through the crowd, boldly walked upstairs, where, with the aid of a locksmith, they opened the door and found themselves face to face with their own chief. The latter, with the bailiff, made off in a cab as hurriedly and as inconspicuously as he could manage it.

BAPTISM OF A CAT.

Sacrilegious Ceremony Performed on Board of a French War Vessel at Constantinople.

Pierre Loti, the well-known French novelist, who is likewise commander of the French warship Vautour (Vulture), recently performed an imposing ceremony on board his ship. News comes to the New York World from Stamboul

"IN THE NAME OF CATS."

that in the presence of a distinguished assemblage he solemnly baptised a cat.

An altar to Odin was set up in the dining-saloon and the cat was taken there in a basket.

The priest of Odin then appeared, clad in white. A glare of electric light made the scene most impressive. He offered a horn to the god-mother, who sounded a note on it, which caused the cat to spring from its basket. Then it was baptized according to the Scandinavian rites. Verses composed by Loti for the occasion being recited in the service.

"In the name of cats," chanted the priest, "I baptize thee Beikes, and thou shall know, I hope, the honor that thy name confers upon thee."

Beikes signifies "handsome girl." The cat was given the following command:

"Be implacable to rats, gentle to humans and preserve the opalescent splendor of thine eyes. Above all be a cat and under our hands show how thou must curve thy dorsal spine."

PRIDE TOOK TUMBLE.

Why Mr. Burner Looks Blue and Dejected These Days.

His Record as the Boss Domestic Fireman Wrecked in a Single Night by a Bit of Inexcusable Carelessness.

This story is told by the Indianapolis Sentinel of an Irvington suburbanite, Burner by name, who prides himself a great deal on his systematic and scientific methods of caring for his furnace fire. He is a model of method and precision from in the early fall, when he lays in a supply of coke sufficient to last all winter, until late in the spring when he lets the fire flicker out. All of his friends and neighbors look upon him as an authority on firing, and all his neighbors' wives use him as an exemplar for their own less careful husbands. The secret of his success, as he often says, is common sense and attention to detail. It is only a matter of supplying fuel, regulating drafts and removing the ashes. Sitting in his cozy parlor, the coldest night of this week, he expounded his theories on heating to three young women, cousins of his wife, who had come to visit them. In contemplation of the shortcomings of some men who tried to run furnaces he really waxed eloquent over his own record, and his heart swelled with pride, which was shared by his wife, when he said that there had not been a day or a night this winter when the house was not comfortable. The young ladies were visibly impressed.

At the usual hour he went to the basement, fired up and adjusted things for the night, and a couple of hours later they retired. The house certainly was warm, and the young folks were heard comparing notes across the hallway on the delightfulness of it. Burner smiled even in his sleep with the joy of their appreciation.

But about four in the morning, when the world seems coldest, darkest and

LOOKED AT THE REGISTER.

dreariest, Burner awoke with a start. He thought he heard a feminine voice inquire if some one was warm, and then heard the patter of bare feet in the hall. He stretched himself with a shiver that shook the bed. "Gee whiz," he muttered, "I must have forgotten to open my register." With a mighty effort of will and not much else he jumped from his bed and groped along the wall until his hand came in contact with a piece of cold iron. It was the register. It was open, but the genial warmth which should have been pouring out was a stream of air at a zero temperature. Burner had turned blue by that time, but he was game. He lighted a lamp and looked at the register. He hardly knew what he expected to discover, but he felt that an investigation was demanded. The register looked just as usual, but it certainly was delivering cold air. Burner dove into bed and considered, but his discomfort was a condition to be met, and not a theory. He got out and began to hustle into his clothes.

"What are you doing, John?" called a sleepy voice.

"Going to the fire," he responded.

"Where is it?"

"Out."

As Burner started the fire afresh he found that he had neglected to close the draft, and the career of the night's supply of fuel had been brief but glorious. The young ladies are still there and need only speak of sleeping three in a bed to cast Burner into the "slough of despond."

Oyster Farming Down East.

There are about a hundred and sixty thousand acres of ground under the waters of Long Island sound, within the jurisdiction of the state of Connecticut, available for oyster farming. This form of "agriculture" is said to average much more profit than farming on dry land. The oyster lands are worth from one dollar to three thousand dollars an acre and in some years the profit is great. The lands are assigned and bought at a dollar an acre, and after that they are taxed yearly at the valuation set on them by the state shell fish commission, which varies according to the amount of work expended upon them and the success of cultivating them. The industry has become an important one and some persons have confidently asserted that the best oysters grown are those raised in this way in Connecticut waters.

The Bee's Market Basket.

A natural market basket is carried by every bee. A microscope will enable an observer to discover that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tip, so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it, after a successful journey, it will cram enough pollen to last it for two or three days.

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Any Hope for the Negro?

It must be a very distasteful thing to the readers of newspapers to read in the daily pre s about the Negro. It is now a question, which must be seriously considered whether the republicans or the democratic party want the Negro vote. We notice from the press dispatches being, that the southern republicans, white, are inimical to the Negro. There is but little hope for the Negro in either party. What must he do is the question. He must accumulate wealth and be independent of the white man. He must possess that which must be a benefit to the white man and be able to live without his actual assistance. It is claimed that the socialistic party is the only organization in which the equality of man is recognized. The Negro will never be able to organize, and why? Because he is moved by sentiment and promises. The so-called representative negro will follow the negro who is recognized by administrative powers. If he has a thought, he will not express it, especially, if he thinks that he will suffer by it, temporarily. Is not the negro in a bad condition today? He is following a leadership that has subordinated his manhood. He knows that the leadership has been the cause of his humiliation to-day, and yet he has not the manly courage to throw it off. This forced leadership is backed up by men, who tell the negro that he must accept him. Is there any manhood in this new leadership? The white republicans of the South, to a great extent have but little use for the colored man. It seems that he is not wanted in the Counsils of the party. He is not consulted about Negro appointments. There is only one man consulted and he has all the other Negroes crazy. Where can you find another race that has but one leader? Name another nationality that only has one man to lead, or a race of people that would allow any set of men to select a leader for them. The negro is a political coward and a political nonentity. You will never be able to do anything with him, as long as you hold out to him promises of office.

Spectacular Entrance of Booker.

On the 17th day of March Booker T. Washington will be in the city. A Special Bread and Butter Brigade Committee will tender to him a Banquet at Odd-Fellows Hall. On the following Tuesday night he will be escorted to the church by a brass band, and The Bee would suggest that the band play that famous old piece, "The Two Faced Man." The Colored High School Cadets and the Manuel Training School will escort Mr. Washington to to the church. Those who admire spectacular performances, should not fail to see this display because this is the only way the wizard will be able to get a crowd. Mr. Washingron said in a letter to Mr. Lassiter that he wishes to speak to the common people. The price of admission is too high for the so called high-toned people, and the common people in this city can't reach the price of admission, 25 and 35 cents. If Mr. Washington wants a crowd to hear him, let him advertise that he has decided to do away with these circus performances, and will read a paper for the benefit of the people, and will allow an honest discussion of his views. If he will do this, Metropolitan church will be crowded. The colored people of this city have heard the Marine Band before and its ragtime solos. From the promiscous manner the invitations, to the Banquet, have been sent, some of the best known citizens will not pay homage to the Tuskegee Wizard:

John F. Cook, W. L. Houston, Prof. L. M. Hershaw, Dr. C. B. Purvis, Prof. H L. Baily, Thoma L. Jones. T. A. Johnson, Dr. Geo. H. Richardson, and many more citizens equaly distinguished. At the banquet, Dr. Washington will be entertained by the Ex-Secretary of the Capitol Savings Bank and Justice of the Peace, Robert H. Terrell, who will introduce all other big and small frys. Dr. Washington, among other things will say: That he is proud of such a distinguished honor by the bread and butter brigade of the city of Washington; that he has been grossly misrepresented, but to-night and the following Tuesday night I intend to retract all that I have said here tofore, which was construed that I meant to ridicule the Negro. He will be followed by Ex-Gov. Pinchback, one of the recent converts to Booker. He will be tickeled to death. The govern or knows a good thing when he sees it

Chairman J. C. Dancy, who thinks Booker will be able to keep him in his job will fall all over the wizard. He is another convert.

Charles Douglass who is living on the name of his father and whose son will go to Tuskegee next year or year after next as a teacher will also speak.

On Tuesday night when the spectacular demonstration takes place, Dr. Washington will be seated on the platform in all his glory. Around this Moses, will be seated the office-holder and the applicant for office. They can't get close enough to the Negro Moses. O! When this Moses opens his mouth when introduced, there will be—well don't mention it. There is only one thing the special committee, Dancy, Terrell, Pinchback, Shadd, Douglass and Scott, has left out: A few torch lights. Get these gentlemen and the scene will be complete.

Only twenty persons thus far have subscribed to the dinner. The response has been so slow that the time has been extended from March first to the fifteenth.

Jim Crowism.

"Jim Crowism" is rampant. Last Monday's *Post* contained a communication from one, P. H. Love, advocating "jim crow" street cars here in Washington, and giving the most frivalous pretexts for such advocacy Wednesday the lower branch of the Maryland legislature passed a "jim crow car law," which goes to the upper branch for action. The vote in the lower branch was strictly on party lines, the Democrats voting for the bill and the Republicans against it. Now is the time for the Afro-American press to make a united assault on Congress to pass the Morrell anti-"Jim Crow" car bill. Editorials in our papers are alright, but what is better is a letter or a petition to your congressman urging him to the importance of action in the matter. If we can secure legislation forbidding "jim crow cars on interstate trains, we have gone a long way toward rendering inoperative local "jim crow" car legislation. Congress has power to pass such legislation. Brethren of the Press, lets act at once.

When Tim. Fortune came back from the Philippines, we were given a two-dollar-a-plate banquet, but Booker gets only a dollar-and-a-half plate banquet. Is Aaron greater than Moses?

TALK OF THE TOWN.

Manhattan island has an average of 132 people to the acre, while London has 60.

In the past five years the number of banks in Boston has been reduced more than one-third, and the capital very nearly one-third.

The Lynn, Mass., Historical society is soon to commemorate the memory of John Adam Dagyr, the first shoemaker of Lynn and the founder of the city's great industry. A tablet has been completed and next spring will be erected in the western burial ground in the shoe city. Dagyr fought in the American revolution with the patriots.

Mayor Edward F. Brush, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is appointing some of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the city to offices under his control. Mr. Brush is a "reform" mayor. Dr. Campbell, the richest local physician, has been chosen for head of the health board, and Edson Lewis, a rich clothier, is police commissioner. It is expected that these wealthy men will give most or all of their salaries to their clerks or to charities, but they will give close attention to the duties of their offices.

Digging up a city is a good thing for the farmers. One can have no idea of the number of wagons and horses that have been employed in carting away earth taken out of the subway and excavations for skyscrapers. Most of them belong to farmers in New Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut and the nearby counties in New York state. Instead of being practically idle much of the fall, winter and spring, they have earned big wages for their owners. Furthermore, the demand for good horses among the contractors has boomed prices tremendously.

Water Used in Battleships.

As nearly as possible 8,000 gallons of fresh water are used in a large battleship daily. About two-thirds of this is taken up by the boilers and the remainder is used for drinking, washing, cooking, etc. When the store which she has taken out with her from port has been used up, a vessel has to depend upon her evaporators for further supplies. Every modern warship is fitted with evaporating machinery to distill the salt sea water.

FAIRBANKS A CANDIDATE.

Indiana Senator Said to Be Willing to Accept the Nomination for Vice President.

The close political friends of Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, say that he has changed his mind in regard to the nomination for vice president on the republican ticket, and that he will accept the nomination if it is tendered to him.

The senator's position is such that he cannot come out with an open declaration of his candidacy, but among his friends it is considered that he is as much in the race as though he had come out in a formal and public announcement.

The members of the Indiana delegation in congress take it for granted that Fairbanks will be nominated for vice president, and are formulating plans to fill his place in the senate.

Senator Fairbanks is non-committal when approached on the subject. For

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.
(Indiana Senator Who May Accept Vice Presidency.)

publication, so far as the public goes, he is still in the same attitude of indecision and he probably realizes that it would not be dignified for him to declare his candidacy or urge his friends to work for his nomination, but the tip has gone out along the line among his followers that he will take the nomination.

Two candidates for the prospective vacancy in the senate are already in the field. They are Representative Hemingway, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, and ex-Gov. Durbin. Hemingway has the support of the members in congress, but Durbin is strong in the state. The attitude of Senator Beveridge will be an important factor in determining the selection. The junior senator has built up a strong political machine since coming to Washington, and is generally considered to be as big a man at the white house as his colleague.

STATE'S GIFT TO CITY.

Monument Erected on the Spot Where Washington Stood at Evacuation of Boston.

The monument was erected by the state of Massachusetts at an expense of $40,000 for the purpose of marking the exact spot where George Washington, the commander of the American army, stood on March 17, 1776, as he watched the British troops evacuate Boston.

The monument was dedicated two years ago with great pomp, and the next anniversary will be equally as important and imposing.

Secretary of the Navy William H. Moody and Gen. A. R. Chaffee of the army will attend the exercises on March 17 on the occasion of turning over the monument to the care of the city, and

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
(Presented to City of Boston by State of Massachusetts.)

Mayor Collins will make a responsive address to that of the governor.

There will be a parade of land and naval forces of the United States on that occasion, and all Boston companies of the state militia will also participate. Secretary Moody will send one or more warships to Boston for the occasion, and everything that is possible will be done by the national government to commemorate the event.

What the Law Decides.

A man who gets drunk only on legal holidays cannot be considered an habitual drunkard. This is the decision of Judge Harper, of Stark county, Ohio. A wife brought suit for separation from her husband, adducing that he was a confirmed toper. He proved that he became thoroughly fuddled only on holidays, and the judge decided against the wife.

Telephones Made Germ Proof.

It is the general belief that disease is spread by the telephone, by the breath condensing on the mouthpiece of the instrument. To prevent this, a German inventor puts a pad of paper, with a hole in the center, in the mouthpiece, and the upper disk of paper is torn off after every conversation.

BIG BEARS IN ALASKA.

There Are So Many of Them That Stock Raisers Make Complaints to Legislators.

Senator Foster, of Washington state, has received a Macedonian cry for help from the ravages of big bears in Alaska. If President Roosevelt ever again wants a glorious hunt for bruin, Mr. Foster is willing to pilot him to the grounds where great game is plentiful. The Alaskan variety of bear is said to weigh from 1,500 to 1,800 pounds.

A recent letter in Mr. Foster's mail from Seattle tells the story. "We shipped 300 head of cattle and 9,100 breeding ewes to Kodiak, Alaska, last spring," writes a firm of packers from that city. "The bears have been getting into the bunch and have killed 503 to date. During the mix-up about 12 bears were slain. About 30 days ago two bears got into the sheep and, after killing 21 sheep and tearing the coat off one man, the bears were killed.

ADDISON G. FOSTER.
(Washington Senator Interested in Fighting Alaska Bears.)

The United States marshal on hearing of this had all our men arrested for killing the bears. Five of our men were compelled to stand trial at considerable expense to us.

"The bears are very numerous on the island," concluded this letter, "and since they have tasted sheep the sheep are badly scared and are continually piling up. Unless something is done with the bears they will put us out of business."

Senator Foster is puzzled as to just how he can help his constituents in their plight. They assert that "a bounty of at least five dollars a head should be placed on the bears for a year or two in order to clean them out."

WILL MAKE BACON.

Croker, Former New York Boss, Proposes to Drive American Pig Out of Ireland.

Richard Croker has begun his residence in Ireland by throwing himself into the industrial revival that is proceeding there. His first scheme is the creation of a bacon factory in Tipperary. He is not going to run it exclusively as his own, but he is finding the money to set the machinery in motion. He has planked down $20,000 to put up a building, which will be supplied with the latest machinery and appliances for bacon curing purposes. He has financed a delegation which is now exploring Denmark for the purpose of ascertaining the latest methods employed in that country in creameries and bacon curing.

It is Mr. Croker's intention to work the factory on the cooperative principle. He has made a thorough investigation into the possibilities of the proposed business and he has satisfied himself that the native product will drive American bacon out of Ireland. He is

RICHARD CROKER.
(Former Tammany Boss Is Now Fighting the American Hog.)

so far convinced of what he can do that he has been able to command for the scheme the support of one or two leading English and Scotch provision merchants. A meeting to discuss the subject will beh eld in London in a week or two, and it is understood that everything is in shipshape order to enable him to put the scheme on a practical working basis at once. The people of Tipperary are delighted with the prospect of having a real live factory in their midst which will help to stop the flow of emigration.

Czar Has a Big Income.

The czar slings his money around as if he owned the mint and could make all he requires. The government allows him $12,500,000 a year, and from his vast estates and mines he draws an additional income of $5,000,000 a year.

Hint for Old Bachelors.

In Crownpoint, Ind., a town of 2,500 inhabitants, there are 90 good looking widows who are all wealthy. Many suitors have coveted the widows' smiles, but they all seem disinclined to further ventures in matrimony.

Jap Woman's Queer Idea.

The Japanese woman does not blacken her teeth under any mistaken idea that it makes her attractive. She does it to make her unattractive. Her husband is supposed to know her value.

THE STORY OF JAPAN

It Reads Like a Chapter from a Work of Fiction.

Nation Was Deep in Oriental Slumber Until Our Navy Woke It Up—Great Progress Made in Half a Century.

Originally the islands that made up Dai Nippin, or Great Japan, were peopled by a Caucasian race, who occupy in Japanese history a position similar to the early Britons in English history. These people, now represented by the hairy Ainus of northern Yeddo, were driven northward by the swarm of Mongolians, who swept across Corea from northern China. The first great leader known was Jimmu Tenno, who founded his dynasty about 660 B. C. He is deified as the descendant of Amaterasu, Goddess of the Sun. Another string of Mongolics came from the Malaysia by way of the string of islands. To this southern strain is probably due the mercurial temperament of the Japs. Superficially the Japs seem to resemble the Chinese, but close examination proves that the race has been evolved independently. They, however, absorbed the earlier Chinese civilization.

The history of the succeeding centuries is vague until about 200 A. D., when an amazonian empress by the appropriate name of Jingo captured Corea. This campaign was a big thing for Japan in more ways than one. The vassals brought with their tributes the knowledge of writing, the civilization of China, the mulberry and the silk worm. The art of spinning and weaving followed, and in the year 552 the first image of Buddha appeared. In the succeeding century there was a perfect rage—like that now for western ideas—for the civilization of China. Arts, customs and opinions—whether of society, morals or politics—were assimilated with the greatest ardor. Buddhism made rapid progress. Feudalism was instituted and great offices were made hereditary and the shogun of Yeddo (sho-general, gun-army) became of greater power than the mikado. In the fifteenth century the mikado and shogun got to fighting, and both were whipped by the samurai, or

HARUKO, EMPRESS OF JAPAN.
(She Is Now 54 Years of Age, Two Years Older Than Her Husband.)

warrios. After that a series of strong shoguns held sway over the land.

In 1545 the Portuguese navigator Mendez Pinto, with a lot of followers, landed and soon established himself. He was followed by the Jesuit missionary, St. Francis Xavier, who made rapid progress, the imitative Japs taking readily to the new visitors and new customs. But the visitors were too free, and were ordered away in 1597. By 1638, after terrible persecution, Christianity was extirpated and all foreigners were kept away except the Chinese and Dutch traders. This expulsion was accomplished by the Tokugawa shoguns, who introduced a horrible system of espionage, which has left its mark until the present day in the shape of dishonesty and lack of civic courage.

When Commodore Perry knocked at the door of Japan in 1854, the shogun rule and the last phase of medievalism fell before modern civilization. That date, when the treaty of the United States was signed, March 31, 1854, was the birth of modern Japan. Yokohama, Nagasaki and Hakodate were opened to trade in 1859, and the next year we sent a minister to the court of the mikado.

The daimios, or military leaders, were a long time in accepting the changed conditions, and there were many attacks on the foreigners. Our own legation was attacked in 1861, and an interpreter killed, and the legation was burned in 1863. Reprisals and punitive expeditions followed for several years, and it was 1868 before order came about after the young mikado had overthrown the military rulers. The first year of enlightened rule really was 1868, when the mikado moved to Tedo, changed its name to Tokio and made it the capital of the empire. He soon abolished the feudal system and began to copy the ideas of the western civilization. The first newspaper appeared in 1870, and the first railway was opened two years later. History moved rapidly after that, and the country was opened to foreigners generally. The edict against Christians was removed and missionaries welcomed. A constitution granted to the people went into effect in 1889. Japan declared war on China on February 12, 1895, which lasted less than a year. After the treaty of peace, Russia stepped in and robbed Japan of all the fruits of victory except the island of Formosa, and the retention of the captured Chinese navy.

Fought with Gen. Jackson.

Jerry Gleason, of Fredericktown, O., recently celebrated the one hundred and ninth anniversary of his birth. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1794. He fought Indians with Gen. Jackson, and also served in the Mexican and the civil wars.

FOR MINISTER AND LAYMAN.

The archbishop of York and the archbishop of Canterbury celebrated their silver weddings on the same day recently.

The American investment in religious and educational institutions in Turkey is $6,500,000, and more than $20,000,000 has been spent in mission work covering nearly a century.

Rev. G. F. Brisco, a clergyman of St. Benet's Kenitish Town, England, recives but a pittance for his services, and in order to obtain means whereby he might maintain the dignity of his position he was obliged to take in washing and dig graves. For pursuing these unclerical occupations he has been censured by his ecclesiastical superiors.

Rev. James E. Edwards, a Baptist preacher of Owensville, Gibson county, Ind., and one of the best story-tellers in the Hoosier state, is about to publish a book of his jokes and original sayings. This will be in the nature of a second edition, for the reverend gentleman published a similar collection some years ago. Mr. Edwards is one of the most popular clergymen in Owensville.

When Emma Booth married Frederick St. George Latour in Calcutta, she adopted the clothes and the manner of life of the native women, and barefooted, "dipping her unaccustomed fingers in the curry dish," she begged her way through the streets. Latour, then a worker in the Salvation Army, had adopted the same plan. And when they were married, it was in the way of religious teachers, he appearing as a barefooted, turbaned, calico-robed mendicant with his begging bowl.

Ten thousand persons living in the Fourth and Seventh wards of New York city have signed a pledge not to drink intoxicating liquors for a specified time as the result of a Catholic mission down there. It is considered by the experts the most remarkable thing that has ever occurred in the lower part of Manhattan. Politicians of all parties, merchants, clerks, lawyers, doctors and undertakers are among the pledge takers. Some have agreed to keep from drinking six months; others have promised for a year.

ALL SORTS.

The Bonaparte hotel, at St. Louis, will be the largest hotel in the United States, and its opening will be simultaneous with that of the big exposition.

The sun dial, that old time favorite of the garden of the past, has been revived, and it is stated on good authority that no garden will be considered complete without it.

In addition to the usual request from the white house for a list of their families and friends who may be with them by which to regulate the issue of social invitations, all congressmen have this year been asked to furnish a list of their minor children. It is understood that the "grown ups" are to have no monopoly of official society's pleasures from this time forward to the end of the Roosevelt's children's stay in the executive mansion.

Seven members of the present house of representatives served as soldiers in the war with Spain. They are Charles Dick, Nineteenth Ohio district; Ariosta A. Wiley, Second Alabama; Butler Ames, Fifth Massachusetts; August P. Gardner, Sixth Massachusetts; William Hughes, Sixth New Jersey; Francis B. Harrison, Thirteenth New York, and Wyatt Aiken, Third South Carolina. They ranged in military rank from private to lieutenant colonel.

With 200,000 bushels of high grade wheat in his granaries, A. J. Rice, of Atchison county, Kansas, might be called the wheat king of the west. He is the owner of 114 quarter sections of land, scattered over three counties in western Kansas. Rice went to Kansas 35 years ago with a bad case of consumption and a little money. He hailed from New York, where the eight other members of his family had died from pulmonary troubles. He started in a modest way, accumulated some money and invested in land. To-day he owns 20,000 acres, 8,000 of which were sown to wheat last fall.

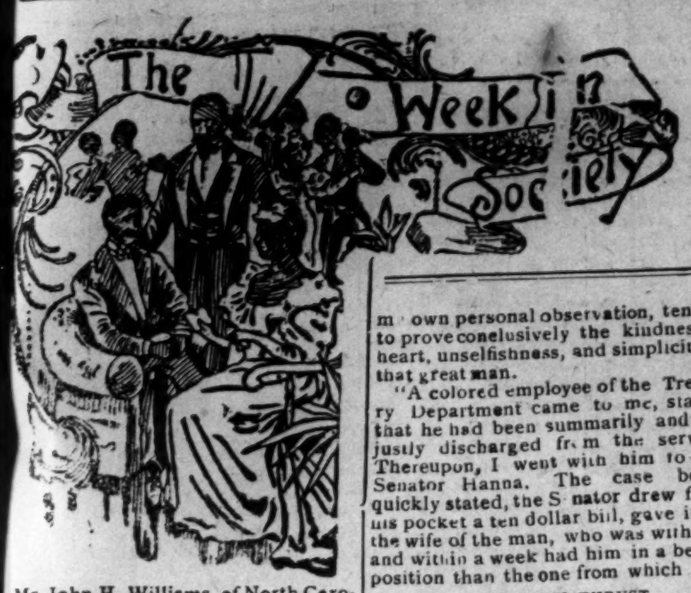
MEN AND AFFAIRS.

Arthur Duffy, American intercollegiate and international champion sprinter, has a collection of medals of which any athlete might be proud.

John W. Ford, of Jefferson township, Hillsdale county, Mich., has never been outside of the county named but once since 1845, and has only paid 30 cents railroad fare in all his life. Mr. Ford is a great reader and has a fine library of standard and miscellaneous works. He was collector for a fire insurance company in Hillsdale county for 29 years and made all his collections on foot.

Congressman Fred Landis, of Indiana, never thinks of consulting weather predictions when he wishes to know whether a meteorological change is imminent. "We know something better than that out in my state," he remarked, as he sat drinking a cup of coffee. "Do you see the bubbles rising from the sugar in my coffee and gathering around the center of the cup instead of hugging close about the edges? Every man in Indiana knows that means a change of weather. It is surely coming."

Viscount Hayashi, the new Japanese minister to London, is a man of broad culture and fine ability. He has translated into his own language many foreign works on political, economical and religious subjects and all have had wide circulation. He speaks English with just a trace of accent. Viscount Hayashi belongs to one of the ancient feudal families, which, before the revolution of 1868 were the military and governing classes, but he himself was born with liberal, progressive views and is in complete sympathy with the democratic opinions now to the fore in Japan.



Mr. John H. Williams. of North Carolina is in the city the guest of Mrs. Richardson.

Prof. Ferris of Boston, Mass. who arrived in the city this week, left Wednesday evening for his home,

Dr. James E. Sheppard of Durham, N. C., is in the city. The doctor looks well and is doing well

Attorney L. M. King will read a paper at the Anniversary Services of the Berean Baptist Church, to-morrow evening, at eight o'clock, subject: "The Influence of the Church upon Civilization."

Mr. Anderson King, brother of Attorney L. Melendez King of this city, is now preparing for college at the Asbury Park High School. Young King delivered an oration Lincon day, before said school. The daily papers commenting on the occasion said, that the young orator deserves great credit and received warm applause. Mr. King is the only colored student in his school.

Greatly Reduced On -Way. Colonists Fares to the West by the way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. During the months of March and April the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad -will place on sale daily, from all stations, ONE-WAY COLONIST TICKETS to principal points in California, Arizona, British Columbia, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, etc., at GREATLY REDUCED RATES. For tickets and full information, call on oraddress Ticket Agents, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The cozy residence of Mrs F. Cross, 19 3rd St, S.W. was the scene of a gay festive gathering on Monday, February 29, the occasion being the anniversary of the Hot Air Social Club. The parlors were decorated in colors emblematic of the Club. Notwithstanding other entertainments that were going on. the attendance was about 25. During the evening the Capitol City Club, entertained very nicely. Wm C. Richards and Walter Matthews, played and sang many pieces. An elaborate table was spread and dainty refreshments were abundantly served. As for the punch—well ask Wm. Richards about that. To say the ladies looked swell will be putting it too easy. The membets are as follosw, Miss Viola A Richards, President; Miss Bertha Parker, Vice President; Miss Elizabeth Chase, Secretary; Miss Mattie E. Moten, Assistant Secretary; Mr. James Smith, Treasurer; Mr. Wm. Richards, Sergeant-at-arms, Miss Mamie Young, Miss Alberta Smith.

HANNA WAS THE FIRM AND STANCH FRIEND OF THE COLORED RACE.

John P. Green, of Cleveland, in behalf of the Colored Men of Ohio and the Country, Pays Tribute to the Senator's Memory.

Washington, February 17.—Senator Hanna was the firm and stanch friend the colored race. He believed in them, and was confident of their future. One of these whom he knew most intimately, and to whom he freely expressed his views, was John P. Green, of Cleveland, now connected with the Treasury Department in this city

Mr. Green is deeply grieved at the death of the Senator, and to-day, in behalf of the colored men of Ohio and the country, he paid Senator Hanna this tribute:

I was personally and well acquainted with the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna for forty-two years. I knew him as a clerk in the wholesale grocery store of Robert Hanna and Co., as a promoter of great and varied industries, as a railroad director, shipbuilder, street railroad operator, and statesman. In each and everyone of these relations he was a master mind, and gained the love and friendship of all who were with him or

SUBORDINATE TO HIM.

Speaking of him from the standpoint of a colored man, I can say for the colored men of ohio and the country at large, that in the death of Senator Hanna we have lost a consientious, able, resourceful, and willing friend.

"Those of us who knew him best loved him most. To us he was always open, frank, and helpful, and, coming of an old Quaker stock, he was from his early manhood saturated with a love of liberry for all men, and especially those who are citizens under the law of our land

"It mattered not how strong the opposition to Negro officials might be, during the administration of President McKinley, Senator Hanna, having made promises, the President kept them all. And this is the testimony of black men from the South as well as from the North.

"We deeply mourn his loss. At the risk of seeming egotism I will relate several incidents which came under m own personal observation, tending to prove conclusively the kindness of heart, unselfishness, and simplicity of that great man.

"A colored employee of the Treasury Department came to me, stating that he had been summarily and unjustly discharged from the service. Thereupon, I went with him to see Senator Hanna. The case being quickly stated, the Senator drew from his pocket a ten dollar bill, gave it to the wife of the man, who was with us, and within a week had him in a better position than the one from which

HE HAD BEEN THRUST.

"On anotner occasion, being admitted into the presence of Senator Hanna, I exclaimed: 'Senator, you are going to be President.' 'Nonsense, nonsense,' he replied, 'I don't want to be President.' 'Senator' I again ventured, 'You can be President of the United States.' 'Noneense,' he repeated, 'I'm not fit to be President.' 'Well, Senator,' I continued, 'You will not handicap your friends if they wish to work for you, will you? What answer he made escapes my memory. This conversation took place during the lifetime of our lamented President McKinley.

"On another occasion, being admitted to Senator Hanna's presence, the writer said: 'Senator, a man in Cleveland wrote to me to get a letter from you for a friend of his, but I wrote and told him that your time was too much taken up with affairs of state, Cabinet Officers, Members of Congress, and great many army officers to give attention to such matters.'

"'You did wrong,' he quickly exclaimed. 'I am never too busy to confer with the humblest person on any matter of business'

"I felt the rebuke, and understood the great man better from that time forward.

"These anecdotes are illustrative of the goodness of heart and condescension of the great Senator, and could be multiplied."

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THE LAW OF THE LAND.

A railroad company is held, in Donovan vs. Pennsylvania Co. (C. C. App. 7th C), 61 L. R. A. 140, to be entitled to give the exclusive right to solicit patrons within its station to one hackman.

Failure of loaders to perform their duty and remove loose coal hanging in a mine, which renders the place unsafe for other employes to work in, is held, in Tradewater Coal Co. vs. Johnson (Ky.), 61 L. R. A. 161, to be the negligence of the master and not of the fellow servant of a machine man's helper.

Where a contract of employment is made for one year at a stipulated salary per month, an agreement during the term to receive less or to pay more than the contract price is held, in C. H. Davis & Co. vs. Morgan (Ga.), 61 L. R. A. 148, to be void unless supported by some change in place, hours, character of employment or other consideration.

The owner of the building required by statute to be provided with fire-escapes is held, in Carrigan vs. Stilwell (Me.), 61 L. R. A. 163, not to be relieved from liability for their absence by the fact that the building was in possession of a tenant, where the statute requires notice to be given to him in case they are found to be unsafe and imposes a penalty upon him for neglect to comply with recommendations in regard to them.

A manufacturer who, without giving notice of its dangerous character, supplies to another a machine which at the time of delivery he knows to be imminently dangerous to the life or limbs of anyone using it for the purpose for which it is intended, is held, in Huset vs. J. I. Case Thrashing Mach. Co. (C. C. App. 8th C.), 61 L. R. A. 303, to be liable to an employe of the vendee who sustains injury from its dangerous conditions.

SEWING CIRCLE GOSSIP.

Lady Clifford, of Chudleigh has been interesting herself in the revival of the lace industry in Devonshire, England.

Matilda Serao, the noted Italian novelist, has been traveling in Palestine, and has written a book about her experiences.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson willed her wedding ring to Mrs. Martin Tazewell Southhall, who died in Baltimore recently.

The widow of the late Prof. Virchow has decided not to sell his extensive library, but to give it to several of the scientific institutions to which he belonged. At the last meeting of the Berlin Medical association Prof. Ewald announced the receipt for the society of about 7,000 of these books.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a standing wonder to London. The venerable woman is out driving every fair day and often when the weather is so unfavorable as to keep much younger women at home, for the baroness is a firm believer in fresh air. The result is that in old age she retains much of her youthful vivacity.

Mrs. Thompson B. Ferguson, wife of Oklahoma's governor, is dean of newspaper women in that territory, having been actively engaged in journalism for a number of years. Her husband was away from home when a telegram arrived announcing that President Roosevelt had named him for governor of the territory. Mrs. Ferguson promptly wired his acceptance. When he arrived home in the evening she had her grip packed and he left on the night train for Washington, where he was commissioned at once.

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BILL NYE'S GRAVE.

Remains of Great Humorist Rest in Neglected Country Churchyard—Was Generous to a Fault.

Alas, poor Yorick!

In a rural churchyard 13 miles from Asheville, N. C., lies the grave of Edgar Wilson Nye.

In the seven years that have passed since his death, says the Kansas City World, the mound of earth has almost disappeared. Winter's blasts and summer's rains have almost leveled the earthen coverlet of the humorist. No flowers grow in summer time. Briers run riot over the spot and weeds grow luxuriantly.

Why this neglect?

"Bill" Nye made a great deal of money in the closing years of life, but he was open-handed. He could not resist an appeal for help. He gave away almost as fast as he received. The only money he left his estate was his life insurance. That money was deposited in an Asheville bank, which almost immediately failed. Mrs. Nye was compelled to keep boarders to maintain the family. The struggle grew too hard for her and she returned to her western home. Before she left she had placed in Calvary church, in the cemetery of which Nye's body rests, a memorial window.

Alas, poor Yorick!

Bill Nye's was a strange nature. He was more than humorist. He was both a poet and a philosopher. And beneath the surface was the tenderness of a woman. Those who knew him best knew the rare sweetness of his soul.

"Of manners gentle, of affection mild; In wit a man, in simplicity a child."

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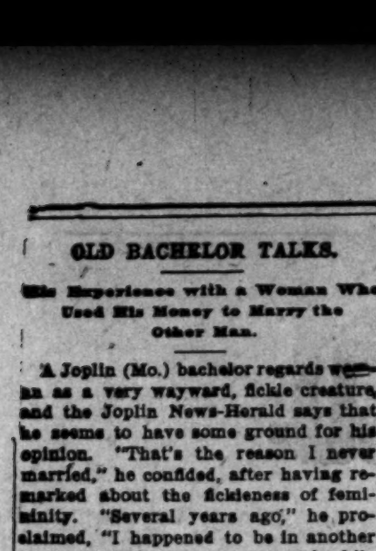
OLD BACHELOR TALKS.

His Experience with a Woman Who Used His Money to Marry the Other Man.

A Joplin (Mo.) bachelor regards woman as a very wayward, fickle creature, and the Joplin News-Herald says that he seems to have some ground for his opinion. "That's the reason I never married," he confided, after having remarked about the fickleness of femininity. "Several years ago," he proclaimed, "I happened to be in another town engaged on a contract, and while there I ran across a young woman whom I used to know working in a hotel. I had known her when she was but a girl, and at that time her parents were well fixed. She told me that her husband had deserted her, leaving her to work out for her living. I didn't like to see her there, and I arranged with a friend to give her a better position. Finally I took such a liking to her that I proposed marriage, and she accepted me, agreeing to marry me as soon as she



TELLING HIS TALE OF WOE.

could get a divorce. She went to Springfield and proposed to get the divorce there. Every now and then she would send me marked copies of papers containing items regarding the progress of her case. All the time I was sending her money to support her there and aid her in getting the case through. Some time after I received a copy of a Springfield paper with the account of her divorce being granted. She asked for a little more money to get her wedding trousseau made. I sent her more money, and she wrote me how she was progressing with her trousseau."

"Well, did she get it finished?"

The bachelor paused to light his cigar.

"Yes, she did. I received another marked copy of a Springfield paper. This time it contained the notice of her marriage."

"Her marriage?"

"Yes; the blankety blanked woman had gone and married a conductor, and here she had worked me for the money to buy her wedding outfit and get her divorce.

"That's the reason I'm still baching," continued the Joplin man, with a sigh.

SHE PAID HER BET.

Omaha Girl Eats Ice Cream in Yard at Zero, Surrounded by a Host of Friends.

Because she lost in a wager made last summer, Miss Florence Parmalee, of Omaha, Neb., Christmas afternoon ate a pint of ice cream sitting in the front yard at her father's residence, while the thermometer registered just below zero. Friends to the number of a score or more gathered around to cheer her on, while passersby stopped to see the fun. Miss Parmalee is the daughter of Capt. Edward Parmalee, of the quartermaster's department, United States army. All the friends present when the

ATE A PINT OF ICE CREAM.

wager was laid were invited to the banquet. Promptly at four o'clock the party went into the yard, where a chair was placed where the sweep of the north wind could be felt at its worst. Then Miss Parmalee, wrapped in furs and coats, took her seat and was handed a huge dish containing a brick of variegated ice cream, which she promptly proceeded to eat, while she shivered.

Obeyed Orders Literally.

A teacher in a western town, instructing a class in composition, gave this advice: "Do not attempt any flights of fancy; be yourselves and write what is in you." The following day a bright pupil handed in the following: "We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of mince pie, three sticks of candy, a half bit of peanuts and my dinner."

OWNED BY THE NAVY.

Wireless Telegraph Station at North Truro, Mass.

Situated on a High, Bleak Bluff Which Rises in a Sheer Ascent of 140 Feet from the Storm-Tossed Beach.

On the outer sea coast line where stretches the bended arm of Massachusetts far into the broad Atlantic, at Highland light, Cape Cod, has just been established a wireless telegraph plant by the United States navy department.

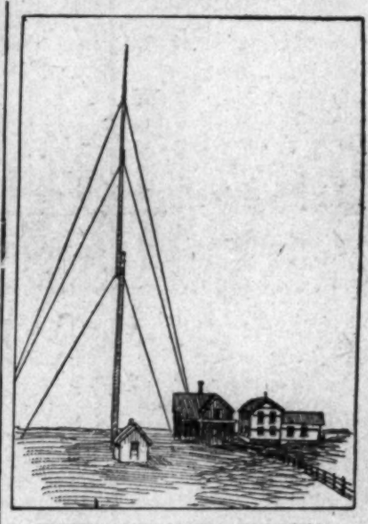
The station at this point is located on the northern extremity of the lighthouse reservation and within less than 100 feet of the marine signal station of the Boston chamber of commerce. The blue clay bluff here rises in sheer and almost perpendicular ascent from the beach 140 feet and the waves thunder at its base when the gale lashes them into fury.

The Boston Globe says that on this storm-swept cliff rises, 190 feet from the ground, a huge staff, and at its utmost top, from a small projecting arm, pointing heavenward, swings the wire which is to catch the electric spark sent out from some passing ship and transmit it to the instruments in the office of the operator. A man standing at the top of this high staff looks down on the sea washing the sandy shore 330 feet below.

This telegraphic mast is made in three sections, the lower of Oregon pine, 26 inches in diameter at the base and 22 inches at the hounds. It is 102 feet in length and its base sets in solid concrete to a depth of 13 feet. From its top run four heavy cable wire guys, attached to heavy chains which encircle timbers 14 inches square and 15 feet in length, buried 12 feet in the ground, the anchors each 30 feet from the base of the staff.

The second section, or topmast, is 58 feet in length, and guyed like the lowermast, to sand anchors 20 feet beyond the main staff anchors. The topgallantmast is 30 feet, and is guyed to the same anchors which hold the topmast. A rope ladder like the ratlines on a ship affords means for reaching the top of the mast.

The ground plate, a sheet of solid copper one-fourth of an inch in thickness, 15 feet long and nine feet wide, is buried eight feet in the ground, and connected by copper wires to the instru-



TRURO WIRELESS STATION.
(Located on Bleak, High Bluff Off Massachusetts Coast.)

ments in the operating room of the electricians' dwelling, a story and a half wooden structure, sheathed throughout the interior with pine, and a substantial, warm and comfortable building. Everything is now ready except the installation of the instruments, dynamos and batteries, and their arrival is expected in a few days.

Chief Electrician J. D. Donnell is in charge of the station, and, with his wife, is finding the place comfortable as could be expected in these unusually severe days of wind and cold.

The system to be used, and the one adopted by the government for all its stations, is the Slaby-Arco, the invention of a German, and materially different from the Marconi method in many respects. Mr. Donnell, who was for a time at the Charlestown navy yard, was able to pick up the cruiser Topeka by the wireless on her visit to Boston some weeks ago, and opened successful communication with her when she was 36 miles out. It is claimed that 75 miles have been easily covered, and that when the station and ships get fully tuned up more than double that distance can be covered.

It is anticipated that eventually it will be possible to reach from one station to another around the entire chain of coastwise stations, and to reach ships at sea anywhere within a radius of 200 miles. It is proposed by the government to establish a chain of stations extending from the coast of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, to Porto Rico, and along the entire coast line of the Pacific to Alaska.

These stations in most instances would not be over 200 miles apart, and it is thought it will be possible to reach from one station to the other along the entire Atlantic coast across the isthmus of Panama and up the Pacific line to the northern boundaries of this country.

Although several severe gales have prevailed since the staff here was erected last October, it stands firm and secure. The grounds upon which both the lighthouse and wireless station stand was originally a plot of ten acres, but now less than five acres remain, the balance having washed into the sea. The average wasting away of the cliffs at this point is nearly two feet yearly, and in 25 years the wireless plant, and in 35 years the lighthouse will be in danger of falling into the sea.

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On a Japanese Warship.

Japanese sailors on the Mikado's warships are thus described by Archibald S. Hurd: "These sailors of the far east take things very much as they find them with a stoical calm. They face danger with much the same spirit with which they take their pleasure, and in spite of the rapid strides which civilization has made in their country their luxuries are few and they are contented and happy. They are devoted to simple sports, to fencing and to acting; no one can ever forget the dramatic entertainments on board the Japanese men-of-war who has been privileged to witness them. Nor does the memory soon become dim of one of these ships when decked out in gala dress, with chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms and other blooms typical of Japan enlivening the grim aspect of the decks. The men are adepts in the making of imitation paper flowers, which so closely resemble the handiwork of nature that at a casual glance one hardly notices the deception.

Railway Construction.

In 1857 an American named Collins first proposed a railway from the Amur to the village of Tchita. Later, several plans were formulated, but it was not until March 17, 1891, that the Trans-Siberian railroad was definitely determined on and projected by an imperial order. On May 19, 1891, the first stone was laid. The line covers 3,562 miles in Russian territory and 1,604 miles in Chinese territory. In ten and one-half years 5,166 miles of rails were laid. In the Canadian Pacific, constructed under similar conditions, it took ten years to lay 2,921 miles of rails.

How a Statue Started.

Very warlike is the aspect of a singular equestrian statue in Belgium, yet there is no cause for alarm, since it is nothing but a tree. Some ten years ago a police officer retired from the force and went to live near Charleroi. Being an amateur horticulturist, he busied himself a good deal with trees and flowers and one day as he was trimming a hawthorn in his garden it occurred to him that it would be a novel idea to train it in such a manner that it would eventually assume the figure of a cavalry officer. At once he went to work, and after ten years' labor he succeeded in transforming the tree into a perfect picture of a mounted soldier. The tree is known in the neighborhood as "Gen. Hawthorn," and hardly a day passes that strangers do not come from a considerable distance in order to view this wonderful example of horticultural art.—Detroit Free Press.

Russian Enterprise.

The Russian government will establish permanent commercial museums in Paris.

The "Freezing" Cure.

From France comes the experiment of "freezing" human beings as a cure for some complaints. The original "subject" was placed in a steel fur-lined cylinder for a quarter of an hour at a time, a solution of various acids, at 110 degrees below zero, being circulated through the cylinder's double walls. By eight such applications the man was cured after suffering from dyspepsia for 25 years.

WHAT SCIENTISTS SAY.

M. Curie, the discoverer of radium, has found that the rays of radium color glass a violet blue.

A plant at Niagara Falls is taking nitrogen from the air by electrolysis, but not yet in commercial quantity.

Prof. Lapworth, regarding the moon with a geologist's eye, feels convinced that it is an active and living world.

Three months ago Dr. Pusepp, of St. Petersburg, carried a small quantity of radium in his vest pocket for six hours. A few days later a painful wound appeared on his body and all efforts to heal it have so far failed.

Dr. A. Negri, of Pavia, announced last March the discovery of the specific micro-organism of hydrophobia. He now states that he has examined more than 100 dogs with natural or laboratory hydrophobia, and has never failed to find the specific micro-organism in the nerve centers. On the other hand, he has never found it in other dogs.

The idea that comets are connected with radio-active substances was suggested by T. C. Chamberlain, as long ago as July, 1901. Prof. C. V. Boys now conciders that radium, whose particles are shot out at a twelfth of the velocity of light, may explain some of the phenomena of comet's tails, as these particles would be sent away from the electrically charged surface of the sun in a single, double or multiple stream. The negatively charged rays that radium is said to give out would be attracted, giving the tails that on a few occasions have pointed toward the sun.

* * *

A brave young woman set forth from her home in Ireland not long ago. Fourteen years before she had been engaged to marry John Lewis, who decided that he would make his fortune in America first. After 14 years trying he succeeded, and Miss Phoebe Jane Benn, the girl who had waited all these years for him, was told to join him.

With a willing heart she packed her trunks and came to New York. Thence she went to Northport, L. I., and the groom met her. The wedding took place immediately.

* * *

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DREAM OF THE MINER.

Always Expecting to Stumble on a Colossal Fortune—But His Best Finds Are Small.

The first men in the mines were a sort of madmen, writes Joaquin Miller, in the Sunset Magazine. Like Cortez and his men, they expected every day, every hour, to come upon untold wealth. Men really expected to find houses of gold, or at least nuggets as big as barns. I remember that I always, day after day, year after year, expected, some time and in some strange and sudden way, to stumble on a colossal fortune. Yet if I should receive 25 cents a day for what work I did in the mines there would to-day be quite a balance to my credit, and a hundred thousand miners could say as much.

No, the mines never paid the men who worked them greatly, whether in this rich camp or elsewhere. But the gold that was dug out contributed to the wealth of the world and carried it on and up, so that no one should now complain. The great big lumps of gold, however, were never found. You can search the gold history of all Australia through and through, as well as California, and be surprised to learn that there was never yet a single lump or nugget of gold found too heavy to be handled by even a woman. Many nuggets were found, it is true, that were very promising in weight and size, but that was all. Yet they were like alluring beacon lights, and every new nugget, or new and rich deposit of dust, only excited men the more. So, like the gold-hunting Spaniards, they pierced every mountain pass, every canyon and burrowed in the bed of every accessible river on the western slope before they had been here a year. It is a notable fact that all the placer mines in California were found during the first three months.

VALUE OF A GOOD YAWN.

Medical Men Declare It Relaxes Tense Nerves and Contracted Muscles —Rests the Whole Body.

Yawning is not at all times an indication of a feeling of laziness. More frequently it is an evidence that certain muscles have been overstrained and require rest. Medical men aver that a yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy, also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning, just yawn. Don't try to suppress it, because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth, if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn, just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight-backed chair, and, lifting the feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide, and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch, and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired, and see what it will do for you.

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he thinnest pressing, easily assimilated by delicate stomachs and dyspeptics To preserve its freshness and curative virtues imported in small (4 ounce) bottles and sold at 25 cents by the sole distributor.

Waits Long for Coffin.

Philip Davis, a farmer of Stephenson county, Pa., has the record in the matter of putting in the longest time in planning his own coffin, and it was only just finished when the grim reaper ordered him to occupy it. Thirty-five years ago Mr. Davis asked a cabinetmaker to commence building a coffin. He procured the walnut lumber from his own farm and hauled it to the cabinetmaker's shop. The lumber was safely kept, but the carpenter kept putting the work off until two years ago, when Davis insisted that the job be finished, and it was. Strange as it may seem, the eccentric farmer had no care to see the work that he had been planning for more than a third of a century, and died without seeing the casket.

A Merry Round.

There's a merry sound of music in the raindrops on the shed,
Like the angels was a-peltin' us with blossoms overhead,
An' the mistletoe is hangin' near the holly berries red,
Hands round the frosty winter morning!

Come in from the weather where the fire cracks an' glows,
An' the blue smoke up the chimney in a windy frolic goes,
An' Pleasure like a river with a sunny ripple flows—
Hands round the frosty winter morning!

Oh, life is worth the living, though the year is gray and cold,
The song is sweet in singin', an' the merry tale is told,
An' take of joy full measure—all the arms of you can hold—
Hands round the frosty winter morning!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

By Miss May Clematis.

Some girls are too fresh.

Do not go alone on excursions.

Every girl should protect herself.

Do not express too much anxiety.

Do not expect to please everybody.

Courtship is of short duration now.

Never introduce yourself to a male.

Do not imagine that you are pretty.

It is in bad taste to admire yourself.

Artifice is like fresh cake it will get stale.

Independence in a girl wil . emand respect.

S. T. You must be able to protect yourself.

Be slow to speak but quick to comprehend.

Self pride will after lead to ridicule and disgust.

When your conscience is right, you need not fear.

Always be on time when you intend to attend church.

What will please some people will not satisfy others.

The honeymoon lasts three days only and hardly that.

Q. T. Dresses have been quite pretty this summer.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you,

Everything that becomes other people may not become you.

He will not respect you, neither should you ask to be introduced.

Familiarity should not be tolerated, it will cause you to be disrespected.

Nellie. Deception is very often prevalent in a fickled minded girl,

Norah. Do not be selfish. It is in bad taste to impose upon a true friend.

Paint on the face is vulgar. It readily demonstrates the character of the woman.

No lady will allow a man to walk with her with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

Miss E, You should not doubt when you see evidences of affections and of fidelity.

Be what you are and do not ever attempt to make of yourself something else.

Your good senses will teach you whether you are respected by your male escort.

Always keep one thing in view and that is always keep the gossipers tongue quiet.

A good house wife knows how to manage a house and what will please her husband.

Miss O. Do not believe everything that is said to you. It is well to weigh well, everything.

Sadie. Do not imagine that your place cannot be filled by another. Girls are often of this opiuion.

Bessie. Be contented and you will succeed. There are times in ones life that acts become bunglesome.

Miss R. M. Flashy dressing will become some people but what ones thouhgts are is another question.

Etta. Friendship can be alianated by coolness and indifference. Some people cannot appreciate true friendship.

Miss T. M. You cannot expect to hold your friends by deception. This suggestion was given to you some time ago.

Ida. How can you expect to demand respect if you do not conduct yourself properly. You ask for advice. Be wise and let your actions and conduct show what you are.

I. M. All work is honorable, and you should never be to proud to do honorable work. Protect your honor no matter where you may be or what you may be doing.

Miss M. You doubt yourself, hence you cannot trust others. You must have confidence in some body. Never come to a conclusion until you are thoroughly convinced, Do not suspicion a friend without cause.

J. A. Take life as you find it. It is what you make it any way. There are people who believe that goodness is in excessive praying. Many hypocrites pray with no meaning or sincerity.

Izzie. Be thoroughly convinced that you have selected the proper person before you give the final yes. It is a life time companionship. Divorces are numerous. Do not marry for the name If your condition is to be improved and your companion the proper person, marry.

L. E. You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is the best to do. It is better for you to go to some quiet country place and rest up. cannot afford to participate in the hieties of life if you expect to resume scicol work in the fall. Your health will not permit you Take a good rest.

BURGLAR IN PETTICOATS.

One of the Best Domestic Servants in France Proves to Be a Man Disguised as a Woman.

It is not easy, even in France, to find good help. The best help is discovered through personal inquiries; the "employment offices" (bureaux de placement) recommend too frequently undesirable persons. Last year all the papers reported a strange occurrence, which frightened many Parisian women. A physician and his wife had secured a housemaid about 23 years old, who came with the best certificates. She was devoted, attentive, laborious, capable, always smiling—in short, an ideal girl. After a fortnight, when the physician's wife was visiting her friends, she excited their jealousy by her reports of such a wonderful "bonne," for that question is the most frequent topic of women's conversation in France.

One morning a grave gentleman called on the physician. "Have you

"GOOD-MORNING, MARY."

here," he said, "a housemaid named Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you pleased with her?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Could I see her?"

"But——"

"Do not be alarmed, I will cause you no trouble; there is my card." It read: "M. Hamard, chef de lau surete" (chief of detective service).

Mary, modestly blushing, entered the drawing room. "Good morning, Mary," said Mr. Hamard, as he pulled off the girl's wig; "I arrest you, at last."

"She" was a man, a member of a band of burglars, and had been in the habit of giving them keys and information about houses which could be easily plundered in the absence of the owners.

THIS BEAR OBSERVES.

Attacked Mail Carrier Who Wore Coat Made of Brain's Departed Relative.

Dr. Harry M. Ulsh, a civil war veteran, who is driver of rural route No. 2 from Lewistown, Pa., was held up the other morning near Strode's Mills by a black bear.

Ulsh, who wears a large coat made of the fur of the bear family, was driving leisurely along, when a black bear crossed the trail ahead and stopped by the roadside to take a good look at the doctor and his coat, as if he recognized in it a long-lost brother.

But the physician, not desiring any closer acquaintance with his bearship, put the whip to his horse, and, deviating somewhat from his usual route, he made a record run to the next farm house, where he asked for help.

BRUIN TOOK A GOOD LOOK.

The farmers took their shotgun and started to hunt for bruin, but as yet they have not reported his capture.

Ulsh declares he will never wear that coat along the mountains again until that particular bear has been slaughtered, as bruin acted just as though he had identified the skin as that of a departed relative.

Hides Coins in Her Shoes.

The many counterfeit ten franc pieces lately circulated have been traced to a Marseilles coiner, who, with seven others, was arrested. The coiners made a huge profit for several months, the principal being a woman, who concealed the coins in her high heel, Louis Quinze shoes. She lived with a young prodigal son of a Lyons merchant with an income of only $800, and wished to increase it by her partnership with the Marseilles coiner.

Wheelbarrows in Brazil.

A cargo of Connecticut wheelbarrows was shipped to Brazil, and some natives filled them full of stone and materials and carried them on their heads. They declared wheelbarrows were very ingenious contrivances, and wondered how the Brazilians had managed to get along so many years without them.

DOOLEY AT THE BAT.

Ape Wins Ball Game for the Jersey City Invincibles.

Only Two Years Old, But a Wonder on the Diamond—Thirty Feet, However, Is His Effective Limitation as a Twirler.

Some day you will read in the baseball reports about the wonderful pitching of the Invincibles' southpaw twirler, Mister Dooley, of Jersey City. That is why the history of this future great player is published by the New York World.

Mister Dooley is a large gray ape, two years old. A sea captain brought him up from Brazil recently and presented him to John J. Fischer, who lives at Sanford place and Montrose avenue. Within 24 hours the ape had shown as much intelligence and, withal, was so diplomatic and democratic that the dignified title of Mister Dooley was conferred on him.

To the boys of the neighborhood Mister Dooley at once became a guide, philosopher and friend.

The ape was perched on a tree-box one day, watching for stray cats, so that he might properly discipline them by pulling their tails, when the battery of the Invincible B. B. C. began a little warming up work in Sanford place.

The swift flight of the ball to and fro, its sharp thud as it landed in the catcher's glove, so interested Mister Dooley that he forgot all about the cats.

A wild pitch flew past Harry Fischer and rolled near the tree-box. In an instant Dooley was down on it like a star fielder. He picked up the ball, patted it, sniffed it, nibbled at it with his big strong teeth. Good to eat? No. Then it must be a toy. Very well. Dooley drew back his left arm as he had seen the pitcher do, and hurried the ball with all his might at Harry Fischer.

The ball flew straight as a bullet. Dooley fell down on all fours because of the impetus of his throw, but when he saw Harry catch it with a sharp thud of the glove the ape pranced and chatted with glee.

After practicing with Mister Dooley for a week the Invincibles played with him in their next match with the

DOOLEY PITCHES A BALL.

Young Orioles. When the ape entered the box to pitch the Orioles laughed so long and loud that they nearly broke up the game. Would they let him stand within 30 feet of the plate? Sure, they would in a minute—and say, if they didn't bat that monk out of the lot, well, they'd eat him alive!

The Orioles best batsman, Tommy Keeler, came up first. He selected a thick club, of marvelous resiliency and a well known record as a lucky stick and tapped home-plate.

Mister Dooley was not rattled by the scornful wink Tommy shot at him. Without any flourishes or preliminary dancing he drew back his lean left arm and let go a high ball. Tommy whanged at it with a grin.

"Stre-e-eek one!" yelled Umpire McGann.

Which, alas! was too true, for the high and easy looking ball had taken a tremendous drop just before it reached plate and fell into the catcher's glove. Again Tommy faced Mister Dooley, but this time without wink or grin. Sad to relate, he fanned empty air again. His face became a tragic mask as he made his third effort. The poor boy struck out. And so did the two Young Orioles who followed him.

Nevertheless, when Mister Dooley came to bat on his side the Young Orioles began to laugh again. For his bat was nothing but the but end of a broomstick whittled down to fit his size.

The pitcher let loose an outshoot. Mister Dooley, left-handed, swung far out and smashed at it. The impact knocked him down, but the ball flew toward first base. Dooley galloped down the line, but the baseman had picked up the ball and was ready to touch him out. Before he could thaw out Dooley had leaped over his head and established himself on first base. And there he perched uttering the apish satisfaction call of "Unh! Unh! Unh!" until he saw a chance to steal second. A three-bagger by the captain of the Invincibles brought Dooley home.

Why go into the sad details of the overthrow of the Young Orioles? The final score was 34 to nothing, chiefly due to Mister Dooley's accurate, heady play.

Some Facts About Baldness.

Baldness is ten times as common among men as among women. It has also been noted that a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

HOG GOES ON SPREE.

When Fermented Apple Mash Gave Out Beast Looked for More.

That Is How the Bibulous Porker Led Way to Moonshine Still—Master Swore Off, But Pete Is Beyond Redemption

From McKeever, N. Y., a correspondent writes to the New York World that "Bib'ous Bill's" bibulous hog, Pete, which disappeared two weeks ago, has been found under circumstances that may result in an investigation. The authorities at the Corners are talking about it, but they don't know where to begin.

Bill got his nickname "Bibulous" some years ago, when he and the cup that cheers were inseparable companions. He rather glories in it now that he has sworn off. For more than a twelvemonth he has touched nothing stronger than water. In the good old days, when he was in "tippling trim," Bill declares, "that he could outbibble anything in the country." It was two years ago last fall that Bill annexed Pete. The porker was a mite of a pig then, and became very companionable. He learned to fol'ow Bill about like a dog, and even went squirrel hunting with him, and rooted for acorns while his master was "laying for grays."

A year ago last fall Bill got a job in a cider mill down at the Corners, and reported for work along with Pete. The former figured that the latter would wax fat on apple mashings. He did. In time some of the mashings fermented and Pete got drunk. Bill lectured him, but it did no good, and at the end of the week Pete was a confirmed sot. One night while the pair were stumbling home much the worse for wear Bill saw a ghost, and the next morning swore off.

Pete hadn't seen anything uncanny, so he kept up his spree until the mill closed down for the season. By this time he was a fit subject for a whisky cure. His nerves gave out, and he searched the woods, farm buildings and even cellars for more stimulants. Bill thought of his own experiences and chuckled. He knew Pete would come out all right in the end and was delighted to have his pal sober once more.

Things went along nicely until a fortnight ago, when Bill awoke one morning

BILL LECTURED HIM.

to find that Pete had taken his departure in the night. He thought it odd that his pet should desert warmth and a good breakfast in such cold weather, and figured that he would soon return. But at supper time he had not showed up, and Bill looked for tracks. The snow was crusted and he couldn't find any, so he waited.

He would probably still be waiting had not Joe Walsh, who lives three miles back in the woods, come across strange tracks in a fresh fall of snow early in the week. The footprints looked like those of a pig, but they progressed in most erratic lines. Out of curiosity he followed them and eventually came to an old abandoned barn about a mile and a half from Bill's shack. The roof of the barn had tumbled in, but a beaten path made by the animal he was following led underneath the ruins to an old cellar. Walsh had frequently been by the barn, but had never noticed the cellar. He stuck his head down the hole and looked. As soon as his eyes accustomed themselves to the semidarkness he made out the well-known form of Pete lying in some straw in one corner. He had lost considerable flesh since the farmer saw him two months ago at Bill's, and looked decidedly rakish.

Close beside him were three vats. Pete looked up, recognized the friend of his master and gave a welcoming, but hiccoughy grunt. Walsh descended and kicked the hog by way of greeting. This brought more hiccoughs and an unsuccessful effort on the part of Pete to stand up.

"Drunk again," snorted Walsh, looking about for the spirits.

He found them in the vats, which contained whisky diluted with rainwater that had leaked from overhead. It certainly was whisky, and Walsh instantly came to the conclusion that he had stumbled on an illicit still operated in that section several years ago by two men who are now serving time at Dannemora. Pete was in no condition to drive home, so Walsh notified Bill, and he went after the hog with his mare and a wood sled. Then the proper authorities were informed. They are talking investigation, but as the men supposed to own the still are in jail they don't know just what to do. Pete is chained up.

Farm Hands in Norway.

Farm hands in Norway receive $40 to $80 a year.

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All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m so cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand will go to New Orleans soon, when there is to be a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the transfer of Louisiana from France to the United States.

It has been remarked that few men who come to congress from the Pacific coast are natives of that region. One of the few is John Newton Williamson, of Oregon, whose wife was also born in the thirty-third state of the union.

Very few are aware that William H. Taft, prospective secretary of war and now governor of the Philippines, got his start in life through performing the dangerous feat of whipping an editor. His father, after a distinguished public career, had just formed a law partnership in Cincinnati, when a weekly paper attacked his private life in a scandalous way. The young man, fresh from Yale, at once called at the newspaper office and in a few minutes had polished off his man in fine style.

Sir Mortimer Durand, the new British minister to this country, seems to be somewhat democratically inclined. In New York on Thanksgiving day, he went to a popular "dissenting" church with an American friend, instead of going to Sir Percy Sanderson's stately pew in Trinity. He walked to church across Central park and later joined his friend in a walk to Gen. Grant's tomb. Sir Mortimer impresses one as being a whole hearted fellow, in many ways resembling Sir Thomas Lipton.

TAG ENDS OF THINGS.

Camels and elephants are unable to jump.

Three hundred and eighty-two yards, by Travis, is the longest golf drive.

In a year nearly 100,000 persons traverse the 47 miles of railway across the isthmus.

The motorman who drives the Berlin Zossen electrical train at 140 miles an hour is C. A. Mudge, of Williamsport, Pa.

The Corean government has ordered that all Coreans, without regard to rank or class, should not wear clothes except of a blue or dark color.

The report of the auditor of the state of Iowa shows that there are 1,200 telephone companies in the state, as compared with 700 last year.

Prof. Edward Zella, who has just brought out the last volume of his history of Greek philosophy, is conspicuous even among long lived German scholars, being 89 years of age.

The letters of Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of the novelist, have lately been published in London, and have been highly praised. They seem to confirm the view which has often been expressed that Stevenson inherited much of his literary talent from his mother.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the veteran author, while on a visit to France, stopped one day on a country road to admire the surrounding country. As he stood gazing meditatively over the fields he noticed that several peasants who passed him on the road bowed and took off their hats to him. Mr. Stedman was at first surprised at their salutes in his honor, and wondered for whom these polite peasants mistook him, but as they were repeated by peasant after peasant he finally concluded that his reputation had penetrated farther than he had ventured to suppose. As he moved away from the spot he happened to glance behind him. He had been standing in front of a statue of the virgin.

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His Remedy.

Johnny—Ma, aren't they using kerosene oil to get rid of the mosquitoes?

Mamma—Yes; I believe so.

Johnny—I wonder why they don't give them castor oil?—Puck.

Off on a Bender.

Officer—I suppose you gents are on pleasure bent.

The Gents—Not exactly; but we have a—hic—leaning that way.—Harvard Lampoon.

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New Paper Product.

Waste paper is used as the basis of a new composition which is said to be hardier than many kinds of stone. The secret is that of a Yonkers (N. Y.) man, who has given it the name of pollardite. As a thin veneer placed on iron, wood, stone or brick, it is said to offer protection against fire, water, acids or rust, resisting the effects of extremes of high and low temperatures. It is composed chiefly of waste paper pulped and molded into form, and presents the appearance of stone in color and consistency.

Influence of Sun Spots.

In speaking of the effects of sun spots on the earth, Prof. Elkins, of the Yale observatory, said: "They produce no climatic or atmospheric disturbances or changes. The effect of the spots is entirely magnetic. It takes a very sensitive compass to be affected even."

"LIKE MAN, LIKE HORSE."

Characteristics of the Owner Often Shown in the Animal—Don't Blame the Animal.

I've always had a notion that the horse is like the man; in other words, that the horse is often what his owner makes him. Recently I came across the following bit of wisdom in a farm paper, and as the writer's ideas are exactly my own I cannot refrain from quoting his thoughts to-day:

"The excitable horseman," he says, "will have horses just like he is himself. The man without horse sense will have a horse with the same poor sense. The man who is loud when driving will have a boisterous horse, and no one ought to blame the horse. The man who stops his team with a drawling 'w-h-o-a' will have a team that will stop in the same manner—that is, they will take two or three steps after they are told to stop."

I might quote more, but enough is enough. You get the idea. What's more, you all know living examples of the kind of horsemen referred to. You—of course—aren't built that way; but the "other fellow" often is. Too often. And usually he blames the horse for his own shortcomings. Once in awhile, probably, he licks old Dobbin or Jim for some fault that in reality is his own. It isn't fair! Train or drive or use a horse properly and nine out of ten times that horse behaves himself and does all that is expected of an animal.

FIANCE CALLED HER.

Strange Story of a Narrow Escape Stirs the Spiritualistic Circles of London, England.

Ever since those two great scientists, Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge, declared their belief in a spirit world there has been a boom in spiritualistic circles in London, and "mediums" and "clairvoyants" are reaping the usual harvest.

A very pretty girl, who has only been "out" one season in London, was traveling down to the country to meet her fiance, who was one of a big house party gathered together for the benefit of the newly engaged couple. In the first class carriage with her was an elderly doctor unknown to the lady.

As the train was just leaving a station some ten miles from her destination the girl made a spring at the window and an attempt to get out on the platform. The elderly man retained her, however, and pointed out that it would be better to go a station further than risk her life in that manner. At

HANDED THE GIRL HIS CARD.

the next station the very same thing occurred, and the girl seemed terribly distressed when she was again prevented from jumping out.

Finally the doctor gave the frightened girl his card and asked her in a kindly way what he could do for her. Then the girl told her story. She had seen her fiance on the platform beckoning to her to come out of the carriage at both the stations which they had left.

The doctor, a little incredulous, of course, told her that she had better get out at the next station as she felt so distressed. It was only three miles from the house and she could take a cab.

The girl saw nothing when she stepped out onto the foggy platform, and just as the train moved on a man stepped into the carriage and took his place beside the doctor.

Within three minutes of its departure that train was in collision with a goods train, and the only man who was fatally injured was the stranger who had taken his place opposite the doctor.

WAS ALREADY PROVIDED.

Young German Didn't Propose to Give the Woman Preacher a Matrimonial Chance.

A certain small village in the west, far removed from the noise and bustle of commerce, boasts a female preacher, and the lady's duties are many. One day she may visit the sick, another attend a funeral, and the next baptize a baby. One afternoon she was preparing the sermon for the following Sabbath when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. Answering the summons she found a bashful young

"I VANT ME TO KIT MERRIET."

German standing on the step and twirling his straw hat in his hands.

"Good afternoon!" the preacheress remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yess? Vell, I vant me to kit merriet."

"All right; I can marry you," she said.

The lady's hair is beginning to silver, and the German glanced at it. Then he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the path.

"What's the matter?" she called after him.

"You gits no chance mit me," he called back. "I don't vant you; I haf got me a girl alretty."

Woman's Lot in Corea.

In no country is the life of women more pathetic than in Corea, where it might be termed imprisonment with hard labor from the age of seven until death. Little girls are secluded from the time of their betrothal. At an age varying from 10 to 16 years they are married to men they have never seen, and go away to take their places as menials.

DIRECTS JAPAN'S ARMY.

Field Marshal Yamagata, Chief of the Mikado's Supreme Council of War.

The generals who are leading the Japanese armies against Russia are men who have proved their skill and efficiency.

The first on the list in order of service is Field Marshal Yamagata, who is not only first in rank, but easily first in the esteem of the Japanese public and in the judgment of the government. He is a veteran of many wars, having begun service in the struggle that restored the emperor to power in 1868. In the following year he visited Russia and France studying things military. In 1872 he became assistant secretary of war—a position which in Japan is always held by a general officer of the army. In the following year he was made lieutenant general, and two years later secretary of war.

The next year saw Japan in the

FIELD MARSHAL YAMAGATA.
(Chief of the Japanese Supreme Council of War.)

throes of a fierce civil war. The rebellion was led by her greatest soldier, Field Marshal Saigo, who had with him some 50,000 of her best-trained samurai. The government was compelled to put forth its greatest strength. An imperial prince was appointed to the nominal command, but as chief of staff Yamagata was the real general in chief and led the forces which crushed the rebellion.

When war started with China in 1894 Yamagata was immediately given command of the first army that invaded Manchuria. Those who were with the army at the time describe the immense enthusiasm with which his coming was greeted by his soldiers.

After the war Yamagata was made a marquis and the new military rank of field marshal was established to which he was promoted. The active interference of Russia, which deprived Japan of the fruits of victory, led the government to try to come to some understanding that would preserve the independence of Corea. Yamagata was appointed special ambassador for this purpose and proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he effected the treaty which is the basis of Japan's latest demands upon Russia. Not trusting altogether to this, Japan proceeded to double her army and greatly increase her navy. Several officers were promoted to the rank of field marshal in the army and an equal rank in the navy and organized into a supreme council of war.

Of this Yamagata was made chief, a position which he still holds. Considering the season of the year and the fact that he is over 65 years old and rather frail physically, it is improbable that he will take the field in person, but in any case he will occupy much the same place in this war that Von Moltke did in the Franco-Prussian war.

LIFE-SAVING MASK.

It Prevents Shipwrecked Persons from Swallowing Salt Water and Contains a Whistler.

A German inventor has decided that many persons come to their death through drowning at sea, even though they are able to swim or are prevented from sinking by the wearing of life belts. He maintains that the deaths are due to the fact that the waves breaking over the wearer force salt water into the mouth and nose, often resulting fatally to the victim. To eliminate this danger he has invented a life-saving mask, preferably made of some elastic material,

THE LIFE-SAVING MASK.
(German Invention for Those Who Go Down the Sea in Ships.)

as, for instance, rubber, shaped to conform to the modeling of the face. In the lower portion of the mask are openings covered with wire netting to reduce the water pressure, and prevent its ready entrance into the interior of the mask. Short tubes inside cover these orifices, and are provided with a hollow ball-valve adapted to automatically close the orifices against the entrance of water, without restricting the freedom of breathing. A whistle is provided to enable the wearer to signal when desired.

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Use Brush Instead of Pen.

The Japanese have no pens and no ink, but they make a very good shift with a paint brush.

The Uses of Palm Trees.

The various kinds of palm trees on the island of Ceylon are in themselves of great interest, and when their different uses are explained a person can well appreciate how essential they are to the natives in the low country Singalese districts. From the sap of the cocoanut palm the spirit he drinks is distilled; the kernel of the nut is a necessary element in his daily curry; the "milk" is the beverage offered to every visitor to his domain; his only lamp is fed from the oil; his nets for fishing are manufactured from its fibre, as is also the rope which keeps his goat or cow from going astray; while the rafters of his house, the thatch of the roof and the window blinds are made from its leaf and wood. There is, perhaps, no product in the world that is put to so many and such profitable uses as the cocoanut palm, for, even before it is grown, its leaf ribs are tied together to make brooms for sweeping and cages for birds.

Mystery in India.

Things sometimes happen in India which puzzle even those who have made a lifelong study of Indian matters. Tree-daubing and well-poisoning are well known, and a very remarkable movement, which has recently been taking place at Behar, must be added to the list. A strange order was circulated some weeks back in the district that for the space of 2½ days sons should not look on their fathers, nor fathers on their sons, and that if the order was disobeyed the time would be extended to

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Radium Earth in Texas.

Valuable radium bearing earth has been discovered in the Llano gold and coal fields, 115 miles north of Austin, Tex. News of the discovery was brought by a party of scientists who had visited the mines.

Eiffel Tower Out of Plumb.

The necessity for the removal of the Eiffel tower arises from the fact it has already leaned so far out of plumb that a small increase in the depression of its foundation at one side will place its center of gravity outside its base.